Doings of the Bodley Family in Town and Country

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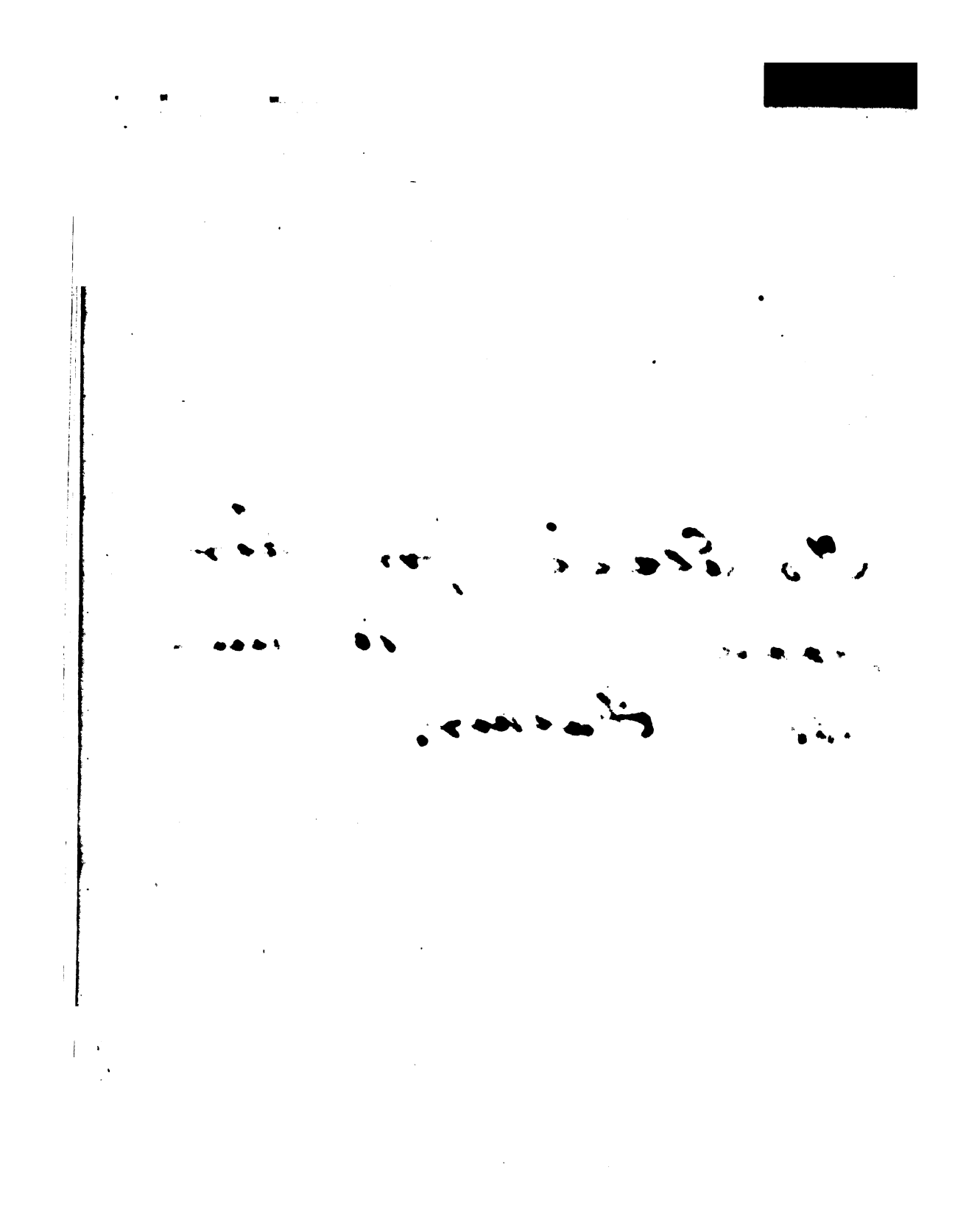
To Elsie for her
good letters to and
about Father.



DOINGS

OF THE

BODLEY FAMILY

IN TOWN AND COUNTRY

BY THE AUTHOR OF

"STORIES FROM MY ATTIC," "DREAM CHILDREN," AND "SEVEN LITTLE AND THEIR FRIENDS"

WITH SEVENTY-SEVEN ILLUSTRATIONS

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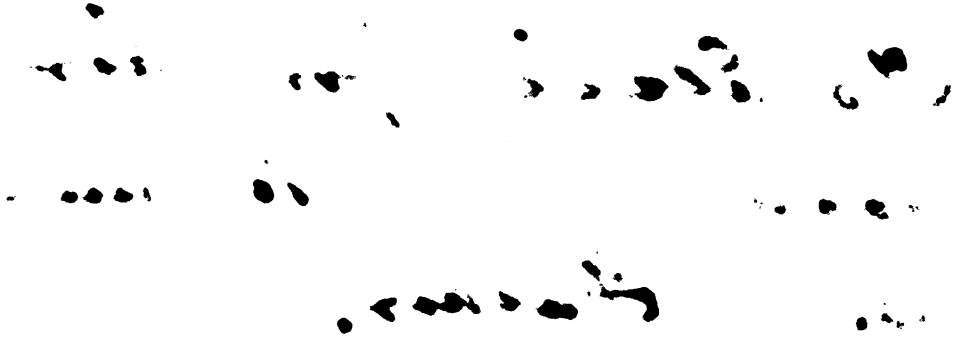

TOWN AND COUNTRY.

[redacted]

Scudder, Horace Elisha

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To SYLVIA AND ETHEL.

They came by night at the turn of the year:
One was dark and one was fair;
It would have been lonely for one to be here,
So both came down the heavenly stair.

CONTENTS.

NOTE. — The fairy tales in verse were written by a lady not now living, Miss Annette Bishop, who also drew the pictures which accompany them. She had a singularly nice feeling for her work, and since it is hardly likely that her scattered poems and pictures will ever be brought together into a volume, the writer has introduced them here, hoping thus to please another generation of children than those who first enjoyed them. Something of the same kind may be said of the three stories in verse, The Battle of Bumble-Bug and Bumble-Bee, Harry O'Hum, and Picture Bob and his wonderful Cob, which are too good to be buried in the pages of an extinct magazine. The Story of the Little Rid Hin is an adaptation made by an anonymous writer from the same story as told in prose in Mrs. Whitney's "Faith Gartney's Girlhood." The Lullaby on page 185 also was written by a friend of the author, who believes that he has now by this general confession cleared himself of any suspicion of taking the credit of other people's good work.

DOINGS OF THE BODLEY FAMILY.

CHAPTER I.

MOVING INTO THE COUNTRY.

THE sun was shining brightly one morning in April, and in such good-natured fashion that he was warming both rogues and honest men, and not only spreading his light and warmth over the fields that lay stretched out waiting for him, but hunting through the narrow, high-walled streets of the city, in search of cold and damp places, and traveling just as far from one side of the street to the other as the houses would let him. It was pleasant to see what he was doing in Asylum Street, for he had sought out the Orphan-house, and now its whole red front was glowing; and it seemed as if the sun were trying his best to work through the thick walls and get at the children with his gigantic smile. The windows let him in, and about them

were the children clustered, with some drowsy flies, too, that had just begun to wake from their winter's nap and were stumbling over the panes; though some, more discreet, had sat down on the sill, and were first rubbing their sleepy heads with their fore-legs.

The flies had been too sleepy, but the children had watched out of the front of the house while the sun was journeying, and they had seen what was going on opposite. The windows and doors of number 101 were wide open, and three long carts stood in the street. They were furniture-wagons, and men were busy stowing in them the contents of the house. The sidewalk was lively with pieces of furniture that had never come so near each other before. There stood the pompous *étagère* from the parlor, swelling out grandly; and yet a towel-horse, standing on two legs only, was rearing up against it. The oil portrait of the great-grandfather, with white neck-handkerchief and his head set on one side like a robin's, was sitting in a lowly rocking-chair hauled up from the kitchen, which gave a thumping sound in its lower part whenever rocked in. The sofa stood against the wall, stretching its arms out; and it was very improper, but a hat-tub had sat down in it. Things were put on the cart, not in order of merit, but as they happened to fit in best; though to be sure the parlor furniture was wrapped up in pieces of old carpet, — but how different that was from having one's feet on the best carpet!

The children could see the pieces come down-stairs and out of doors, and it was great fun to watch each make its way into the street: first one man would appear, staggering backward and looking anxiously over his shoulder, while a chest of drawers thumped into him at every step, till his hat was tipped forward and he could

not see where he was going to; and then after the chest the other man, peeping over the top and clinging to it as if he did not want it to go down at all. Then one man would come along, lugging a great mattress, twice as big as himself, around which he pried to see his way down the steps; and just behind, another carrying a clock in his arms as if it were a child. Then what a work it was to get the piano out! Six men, two behind, two in front, and two in the middle, stumbled to the doorway, and then the two middle men had to squeeze past, and they had nothing to take hold of; and then the children thought it was going to fall, but it did not, and it was safely lodged in the cart, and the men came down again, triumphantly bringing the legs and the piano-stool and the swell. They all took off their hats after that and wiped their heads, and then went up after the bedsteads. There was one huge book-case that came apart in the middle, and had looking-glass doors above: it was a great feat to get that out; and behind it came an ancient secretary, which also could be taken to pieces in a wonderful manner, and was covered with dust behind.

Now as the orphans looked, they saw three children run down the steps, and at that they became very lively.

"That is Nathan!" cried one of the boys; "he has got a bow-gun in his hand."

"And there is Phippy," said a little girl; "she does n't stand still a minute. I should n't think those piano men would like to have her climbing up on the cart."

"Lucy is carrying her kitten," said a third. "It is that very same black-and-white kitten that she brought here one day."

"There, the carts have all gone. There were twelve loads; I counted," said the one who had spoken first. Still the children

seemed to be waiting for something. Nathan marched solemnly up the street with his gun on his shoulder, and looked round the corner, but came back shaking his head. Lucy sat down on the upper step holding Kitty in her lap and humming to her; while Philippa did nothing but run up and down the steps and race to the corner and back. Their mother was in the house, hunting through every room to see that nothing was left behind, and collecting all the stray articles into a little heap on the parlor floor. But at last she heard the children shout, —

"Mama, it has come!" shouted Philippa. "There is the carryall!" and she hopped up and down on the sidewalk. A bay horse with a white nose was drawing the carryall, and in side sat Martin the man.

"Whoa!" said Nathan to carryall, horse, and man. Martin laughed and jumped out of the carriage. "You stopped him that time — you did, Master Nathan," said he; "but don't fire your gun at him."

"I am going to fire a salute to the orphans," said Nathan, who had been thinking about it a good deal, and before anybody could say no, or he could get his gun quite straight, he pulled the trigger and away went an arrow right over to the Orphan-house.

"Oh, you 've shot the orphans! You 've shot the orphans!" cried Philippa, as she saw the arrow go through one of the windows.

"It ought to have gone straight up," said Nathan, very much frightened, "and come right down again."

"I must go over at once," said Mrs. Bodley. "Nathan, how could you?" and she hurried away, alarmed, but almost laughing, too. The matron met her at the door.

"Is any one hurt?" she asked, quickly.

"No," said the matron, "though it is a wonder, for the children were all crowded about; but the arrow's force was nearly spent on the glass, and it fell down inside, scattering the glass about."

"I am truly sorry," said Mrs. Bodley. "My little boy was very foolish. He meant to fire a salute, as he said, to the children," and she smiled; "for we are all sorry to leave their pleasant faces. We ought to bid them good-by, Mrs. Keeper;" and so saying, she beckoned to the children in the carriage.

"Come here, children," said she. Philippa and Lucy came slowly over, — Lucy crying and hugging her kitten, and Phippy looking very solemn and very red; but Nathan was on the back seat of the carryall, with his head buried in the cushion, calling to Martin to drive off as fast as he could, for he had killed an orphan. His mother came hurrying over, and opening the door, called out, —

"Nathan, nobody is hurt. It was very careless in you; but you must come over and bid the children good-by, and tell Mrs. Keeper how sorry you are."

Nathan got out very much tumbled up, and holding his mother's hand, walked gravely across the street. The orphan children were all in the entry or on the staircase, and Phippy and Lucy were saying good-by. Nathan hung back a little, and then said: —

"Mrs. Keeper, I did not wish to kill any one. I am very sorry; I meant to give a salute, but the arrow went the wrong way. I would give you the bow-gun," he added, seriously, "but we are going into the country, and I suppose I shall need it there. There may be Indians. I can get another arrow," but

still he looked somewhat wistfully toward the arrow which Mrs. Keeper held.

"My little boy must pay for the new glass," said Mrs. Bodley, "and for any other mischief which he has done."

"Indeed, there is little," said Mrs. Keeper, good-naturedly, "and he may have his arrow again; but I hope you will take better aim, Nathan, when you shoot Indians." The orphan children all huddled together at this, and looked with awe on their little neighbor, who now began to feel more grand.

Bidding the Bodleys good-by.

"Good-by, children," said he, loftily waiving his arrow toward them, and marching across the street, with his bow-gun on his shoulder, followed by his mother and sisters.

"Nathan, you deserve a good, sound whipping," said Mrs. Bodley; "but how few get their deserts," she added to herself.

And now at length the carryall with its load was off, Nathan and Phippy being on the front seat with Martin, while Lucy and her mother were behind. All the way up Asylum Street, the children flung out their good-byes, putting their heads out of the carryall on one side and the other. Mrs. Batterman's house, a one story shed with tar roof, stood next their own.

"Good-by, Mrs. Batterman," shouted Nathan, shaking his hand at it. "You won't think our water leaks into your house again. You ought to see old Ma'am Di Batterman, Martin," and he began to tell him about her; but just then they passed the place where he had been run over by Mr. Wilkins's milk-cart, and he must tell about that: they were not the only people moving, either. "Mother," cried Nathan, turning suddenly round, "there is solemn Jacobs moving. That's his dog. Here, Jip, Jip!" and he put his head out of the window and called to a little black-

Sol'm Jacobs with h's Dog and Clock.

and-tan that Sol'm Jacobs, as the sign read over a tobacconist's near by, was dragging along rather reluctantly.

"Jip does n't want to go, Thanny, does he," said Philippa.

"I wonder if the clock wants to go," said Mrs. Bodley.

"Why, mama, of course it goes; that's solemn Jacobs carrying it," said Nathan. So they went on, and he and Phippy kept up a great clatter, shaking their hands at the people and laughing with glee, while their mother hushed at them, and Martin clucked at the horse, as if they were a grand procession such as never had passed up the street before, and must do it now in fine style. The horse jogged along leisurely, and seemed to think it a very ordinary occasion.

"This is a pretty good horse of ours, Martin," said Nathan, now that they were out of the street and fairly away.

"Well, yes," laughed Martin. "He 's a bit of a weaver."

"A weaver?" said Mrs. Bodley.

"Yes, ma'am; but Mr. Bodley, he said it would n't make much matter, you see."

"A weaver!" said Nathan. "Why, I thought a weaver was a man, like — like" — and he tried to think of a weaver.

"Like Bottom," suggested Mrs. Bodley. "Bottom was a weaver."

"Yes, like Bottom," said Nathan, who had never heard of him before.

"Well," said Martin, "when your Mr. Bottom weaves, he just pushes the shuttle from one side to the other and moves along with it; and so when a horse in his stall moves his head back and forth along the crib, we say he is a weaver."

"What is his name?" asked Mrs. Bodley.

"The last folks that had him called him Peter, ma'am," said Martin.

"But what is his last name?" asked Philippa. "Peter what?"

"That I never heard," said Martin.

"I know what it is," said Nathan, who already felt himself master of the horse; "it's Bottom, because he's like the man that mother knows. Get up, Peter Bottom."

Mr. Bottom wagged along with the party, and the farther they went the more excited were the children, who had not yet seen the place where they were to live, and who only knew that it was a brick house in the country, three miles from Asylum Street. The street they were driving on became wider and the houses more rare. They left the city behind, but had not yet come to green fields.

"Now we are on General Street," said Mrs. Bodley, and the children, knowing that their new home was on that street, became very much excited.

"This must be the place," cried Nathan. "Stop, Mr. Bottom. Stop, Martin. Whoa!"

"Oh, how nice!" said Phippy; "there is a garden in front." But it was not the place, only a poor sunburnt brick house with a patch of ground squeezed in between it and the street. As they drove on, the street became freer and the houses more scattered. But though they had pleasant gardens about them, they were nearly all built of wood. Then they began to see barns and little patches of market-garden.

"Oh, look! look!" cried Lucy. "There is a real calf just like the one in my picture-book."

"Stop a moment, Martin," said Mrs. Bodley, "and let the

children see the pretty sight." There was a shed right by the kitchen door of a plain, old-fashioned farm-house, that stood there, though all the houses built at the same time in the neighborhood had long been gone. A young girl, a little older than Phippy, was holding out some grass in a pan to a big bossy calf, while her little brother, about Nathan's age, stood looking on, and the mother with a smaller boy in her arms watched them. There was a cat on a hogshead, too, but the cat had her own notions about things. She thought so good a tin pan as that might hold something better than grass.

"Do let me get out, mother!" exclaimed Nathan, and he seized the side of the carryall.

"No, no, Nathan. We'll come to see them some time. We have n't a great way to go now. Drive on, Martin."

They passed by a cliff of rocks where men were at work drilling; and then on the other side of the way, as they went up the hill, they saw a stone castle, as Lucy said, — a real stone castle with a tower, — and she was pretty sure people shot out of the windows.

"Only let them shoot at us!" said Nathan, bravely, and he tried to get at his bow-gun, which was on the bottom of the carryall. But they were at the top of the hill, and Mrs. Bodley's — "Now then, children!" made them all put their heads out and peer excitedly about.

"I see it, I see it!" said Phippy, jumping out of her seat and almost falling over on to Mr. Bottom.

"That!" said Nathan. "That is not it; it is not near the street at all. Our house is near the street." But Martin, who had been here before, suddenly turned a corner and drove through a gate-way up an avenue.

FEEDING THE CALF.

"Oh, here we are!" laughed Lucy, and then she stooped over and told Kitty.

"No, we 're not at all," said the obstinate little Nathan; "our house is on the street. This is not a street. What are you going up here for, Martin?"

"Well, Master Nathan, I 'm just going to put Peter Bottom up in the barn, and put you up in the house."

"Is it the house, mother?" persisted Nathan. But she only laughed and said that Mr. Bottom lived here, at any rate.

"Well, not my Mr. Bottom," said Nathan. "Your Mr. Bottom, the real weaver."

"O Nathan, do stop!" cried Phippy. "Just see! Is n't it splendid? And there 's the barn, and oh! I can see the hay."

"And there are chickens," said Lucy, putting her little head out and calling to them.

The avenue up which they had driven wound through a pleasant field up to the house. It was bordered by narrow flower-beds, and in the beds stood flowering shrubs and young trees, which would some day grow to be large and arch over the road, but now they hardly shut out from light the field on the left, where a dozen stout cherry-trees grew; and that on the right, which was a grassy plat stretching up a little hill, and disappearing whither they could not say on the other side of the rising. At the end of the avenue stood the house. It was not a very splendid house, but it was a good one to live in. Two locust-trees stood in front of it, and in the corner, where the wooden shed was joined to the house, was a graceful elm. The house had a red, good-natured face, looking as if it had set itself down squarely in this open country, where it could draw a long

breath and not be too crowded for elbow-room. It had windows that leaned out on the roof, and looked off — one way over the hills, the other toward the sea.

The children, who entered with their mother, went into all the rooms, and came at last into the upper story of all. What a splendid place that was; for there was one great room covering the entire floor, and the six windows, three on each side, were the windows that looked off so far. A window-seat was below the middle one on each side: climbing up on one, they could see over the garden and into the pasture, and beyond among the rocks and trees that were about May Pond, and still farther away, the blue hills that rolled along in gentle line beneath the blue sky. Then from the other side, at foot was the barn and the little houses that straggled about it, for pig and cow and hens; the kitchen-garden, the currant-bushes, the apple-orchard; and farther off, the bay, which opened into the broad sea; and away off, as far as one could look, were white-winged ships, sailing out of sight beyond the edge of the sky and water, or coming nearer to draw up to the great city, the houses of which could also be seen, and the bells, when they rang, sent their sounds up to the house and into the children's play-room.

The sun when it rose looked in at the windows on one side, and saw the children's playthings; and when it had gone its round and could look into the opposite winodws, perhaps it would see the children at play, — but this was only in winter, for on sunny days in summer they were always in the garden or in the pasture. But in winter it could see them; and perhaps just as it went down behind the earth in the west, it stopped to take one more look at three little children nestled together on the cushioned window-seat, chat-

tering to one another, or two little children playing cat's-cradle or checkers, or one little child reading a book spread out on her lap. How could the sun be willing to set at all!

Now let us learn what the children of the Bodley family see and hear and do and say in the house and garden and pasture.

CHAPTER II.

LUCY'S WALK.

"Now, children," said Mrs. Bodley, "you may run out to play. It will be an hour yet before we have dinner. Don't go very far from the house, and when you go into the barn, mind what Martin says."

The three children stood by the front door, which was open, looking at the two locust-trees that stood on a little oval grass-plat in front, round which the carriage road passed. Phippy was thinking whether they could not have a little house there; Lucy was wondering whether there was a bird's nest among the branches, and if they would hear a locust or see them come skipping along to eat trees as they did in Egypt; and Nathan was thinking about Mr. Bottom, who had been taken out of the carryall.

"Come," said Lucy, "let 's go into the garden."

"Well, we will go round by the barn first," said Nathan; "I 'll show you the way," and he ran down the steps, the little girls after him. But they had not been in the wood-shed yet, so Nathan led them through that, though he had never been there either, and it

was not the shortest way, but he felt like a captain. There was a great pump in the wood-shed which worked very hard, and the spout, instead of being inside the shed, was thrust through the wall out of doors, where the water, coming out of the spout, passed into a wooden gutter that led down a grassy bank to a horse-trough, a place where little boys who sailed chip boats were likely to get their sleeves wet. It looked droll enough, to come toward the house and see the water suddenly pop out of this spout, as if the whole house were a reservoir of water, just to fill this little trough. Nathan tried the pump and found it hard work to get the handle down, which sprang up with a jerk when let alone, and held itself high up in the air, as if it did not wish to be pumped with; but Phippy, who had run outside, and was watching the spout intently, called out after a while, "it 's coming," and Nathan rushed out just in time to see a few drops trickle out of the spout into the gutter. The trough was nearly full, and a green border lined the edges, and on the sides and bottom there was a green moss growing, which waved gently its languid arms when the children dabbled in the water with their hands; for the trough had been there for many years, and no one had disturbed the moss.

"Let 's make boats and sail them here," said Phippy.

"No, I 'm leader," said Nathan, "and you must follow me. We are going into the barn first, to see Mr. Bottom;" and he marched off as if he were the owner of the place. The carryall stood out of doors, backed on to the border of a flower-bed and stretching out its shafts in front in a comfortable, after-dinner fashion, but the horse was in his stall, and Martin was in the hay-loft. The children heard a strange, regular sound as they stood clustering about the stable door not daring to go in. Mr. Bottom was before them, but they could not see his head very well.

"What is Mr. Bottom doing," asked Nathan of Martin, who just now came down the steep steps that led from the hay-loft.

"Oh, he 's weaving now, Master Nathan; you know I told your ma he was a weaver."

"But I can't see him."

"Do let 's come into the garden," said Lucy.

"Suppose we play in the carryall," said Phippy.

"I want to see Mr. Bottom weave," said Nathan, who never let an idea get out of his head, though it was hard sometimes to get one in.

"I 'll put you right on these steps, then," said Martin, and he perched Nathan in an uncomfortable manner on the edge of a step where the delighted little boy could sit, free from danger, and see the horse's head move steadily, backward and forward, exploring his crib from one end to the other, and from the other end to the one. The little boy sat staring at Mr. Bottom, and wondered if he really were going to make some cloth.

"Phippy! Lucy!" he cried, "Come up here and see him weave." But the children had walked away, for they did not like the stable very much.

"Do let us take a walk through the garden and pick some flowers," said Lucy, who had rarely been in the country before, and thought she should find the whole world now bearing flowers. But Phippy wanted to stop a moment at the trough again and sail a little chip into which she had stuck a pin through a piece of paper, and so had made a ship and a sail.

"You walk along slowly, Lucy," said she, "for I must get my ship into port first, and then I 'll run and overtake you." So Lucy left Nathan on the steps in the stable, watching Mr. Bottom weave,

and Phippy by the trough sailing her ship, and went off alone. She had her doll Sarah in her arms, — though she called her "Salah," for she was not able to pronounce her *r*'s very plainly. She walked down a path which led past a little arbor covered with honeysuckle vine. She did not know it, but there, later in the summer, she was to see humming-birds darting in and out. The path led through what was called the Grapery, a long succession of arched trellises. There would be one of these arches, with seats on either side, then a little round flower-bed, about which the path turned, then another arch with seats, then another flower-bed, and so on. There were six of these long arches, and though the vines were bare of leaves now, it would not be long before they would be covered with green leaves, and then later with clusters of Isabella grapes. Lucy thought it was a beautiful arbor, and she walked slowly along, every once in a while stopping to sit upon one of the seats. She would put Salah down on the seat, and then climb up herself, and sit with her little legs dangling.

After a while she came out at the other end of the arbor and then she was in the orchard. There were stubby old apple-trees that had low boughs, and there were some dead, withered little apples that had lain on the ground all winter, but she did not gather any, for they did not look very nice. Beyond the orchard there were other trees, and as Lucy walked along, she heard a fluttering sound and a soft *phe-be, phe-be.* It was a chickadee that was building its nest in the hollow of an old tree, and every little while it would stop and peep forth, gently, *phe-be, phe-be.* In winter the little bird is very lively and brave, and then it chips forth in a bright, merry way, chickadee, chickadee, chickadee-dee. Lucy stood still, as the little brown bird flew about.

"O Salah," she whispered, it 's a bird, and she 's building a nest." Yes, the nest was building in the old tree, and almost every

The Chickadee's Nest.

day Lucy walked softly to the place and stood and listened, but she

was such a gentle little girl that the chickadees were never afraid of her, and at last, three very little chickadees looked up out of their nest, while the parent birds told them of a little girl who had been there so often to watch for them.

But to-day Lucy walked on toward what was called The Hollow, where the kitchen-garden was. She kept along by the side of it, and came at length to a low fence which separated the field from a pasture beyond. There was a path which led up to the fence, and a break in the fence, where the path crossed into the pasture. Just here was an old spring which bubbled up and ran into a hogshead let into the ground, used for watering the cattle that were pastured near by. They had worn the path down the rocky slope to the spring, and a rude bar thrown across the opening in the fence prevented them from crossing into the field and so getting into the hollow.

As Lucy came to the fence, she heard a noise, and looking through saw a man, a little girl, and a monkey, sitting on the ground by the spring. The monkey saw her first and ran to the man's shoulder, where he sat, chuckling at her. Lucy stood and looked at them. She saw a hand-organ on the ground and she knew that these must be organ-grinders. She had seen them in the city streets, but to find them out here in the country! and right by her father's place! The little girl was eating some bread, and she stared hard at Lucy.

"Do you live here?" asked Lucy, a little timidly, of the girl.

"No, miss, we 're only resting."

"My father lives here," said Lucy. "We 've moved out."

The man nodded.

"Would you like to hear a tune, little girl?" said he.

LISA AND HER FATHER.

"Oh, ever so much," said Lucy; and so he set his organ up and turned his crank and ground out "The Boys are marching."

"Please play 'Three little Kittens," said Lucy.

"That tune is n't in this organ," said the man, smiling.

"Why, can't you play anything you want to?" said Lucy, astonished. "My mama can."

"I can play a tune," said the little girl, "and I can dance," and she shook her tambourine and danced on the grass, singing aloud.

"Yes, Lisa is a good girl," said the man. "She can sing, and she can dance, can't she?"

"Are you her father, sir?" asked Lucy, gravely.

"Yes, I'm her father. I've got another little girl, about as big as you."

"I don't think I should like to go about in the streets," said Lucy, who had been thinking about it. "I think it is nicer out here. I must go home now. Good-by, Mr. Organ-Grinder. Good-by, Lisa," and she nodded her head, and turned away, carrying Salah with her. She did not like to go into the pasture, and she wondered why Philippa and Nathan did not come. She turned back by the way she had come, and had reached the top of the hill, when she saw the other children. As soon as they caught sight of her they ran toward her.

"O Lucy," said Phippy, "where have you been? we've looked everywhere for you."

"I went there," said Lucy, pointing with her hand, "and there, and I saw a bird, and I saw a monkey, and an organ-man, and a little girl, and the little girl danced. See, there they go!" The children looked and saw the man with his organ at his back and the monkey perched on top, with the little girl following behind, as they made their way across the field.

"Were n't you frightened?" asked Phippy.

"Why, no," said Lucy. "They 're good people. They would n't hurt me."

"I never!" said Phippy. "I should have been scared."

"Just let me catch them!" said Nathan, fiercely. "I wish I had my bow and arrows. I left them in the house."

"Come!" said Phippy, "mother says it 's nearly dinner time; and, Lucy, you have n't an idea how splendid it is in the barn. I 'm going to hunt for eggs after dinner. I do hope it is n't going to rain."

CHAPTER III.

THE RAINY DAY IN THE BARN.

It did not rain immediately after dinner, but it began shortly before night and it rained all night, and the next morning when the children woke it was raining still.

"I am afraid we can't go out of doors," said Phippy, mournfully.

"Oh yes, children," said Mrs. Bodley. "If you want to go to the barn after breakfast, Martin will carry you over, and you can have a good time playing there all the morning."

"I should like to ride over on Mr. Bottom," said Nathan.

"Why, it 's only across the yard, Nathan," said Phippy; "besides, you could n't ride."

"Yes, I could," said the little boy.

"Well, you can try Martin's back first," said his mother. So after breakfast, Martin, who was a good-natured fellow, came to the shed and brought a bushel basket with him.

"What's that basket for?" asked Phippy.

"That's the coach you're to ride in," said Martin. He put her into the basket, and threw a water-proof over her.

"There!" said he, lifting the basket to his shoulder. "There's an ear of red corn in that bushel, I'll warrant," and he strode off to the barn, while Nathan and Lucy and their mother stood at the door and watched them. He placed the basket on the floor, took away the cloak, and up jumped Phippy, laughing, and began to dance on the smooth barn floor. Martin came over again, and this time he took Nathan, who tumbled about so in the basket that he nearly upset his bearer. Then he came the last time for Lucy.

"I guess I'll leave the basket here, Mis' Bodley," said he, and he caught up Lucy in his arms, threw the cloak over her, and ran as fast as he could to the barn, where he put the little girl down with the other children; and now they began to scamper about and to laugh, and to run races across the floor, while the rain came down in torrents outside.

They watched Martin as he went about his work, and Nathan grew very red in the face as he tugged at the pitchfork and tried to lift a bunch of hay with it.

"Now, Nathan, just leave that alone," said Martin, good-naturedly, "or you'll be running those prongs into something. Why, up at my father's farm in New Hampshire, when I was a little boy, I thought I'd run some hay through the hay-cutter, to make some chop-feed, and I pushed it, and jammed it in, and kept turning the wheel, and the next thing I knew I had sliced off the end of one of my fingers."

"Oh," screamed Phippy, "did you find the piece?"

"No, that I did n't, though I swept the barn floor for it. I thought if I could find it, I'd stick it on again. So you must n't meddle with edge tools." They all looked at him with a little awe, and Lucy tried to see his finger ends, but she did n't exactly like to ask him to show them. "I've got a box of tools out here," continued Martin, "that I 'll show you. Some day, Nathan, I 'll show you how to use them." Martin was very proud of his tools, and he took the children to a little light closet in the barn, where he kept his own private belongings, and opened his chest, and showed them saws, and planes, and gimlets, and screw-drivers, and a spirit level, and chisels, and all manner of bright and sharp tools.

"Have you got an adze?" asked Phippy.

"No," said he, looking queerly at her, "I have n't. What made you ask?"

"Why I had the word in my spelling-lesson the other day, and teacher said it was like a hatchet. I thought I should like to see an adze. It is such a funny looking word."

"I've got a hatchet," said Nathan, "and you can draw nails with it. I'll lend it to you, Martin, some time, if you 'll be careful. It was a present to me." Martin laughed, and said he had a hatchet.

"Why, here 's some maple sugar," said Lucy, who had not cared much about the tools and was wandering about Martin's closet. The children turned to her, eagerly.

"Sure 's you 're alive," said Phippy. "Is it yours, Martin?"

"I guess so," said he. "I made that sugar."

"Why," said Nathan in astonishment, "do you know how to make maple sugar. I thought it had to be made by black men."

"Did you never see maple sugar made! Now, I tell you, you children may each have a cake, and we 'll go up into the hay-mow, and I 'll tell you all about it, while you 're eating it."

"Oh, goody!" they all shouted, and one after another they clambered up and were helped up by Martin until they were all snugly ensconced in the hay.

"You see," said Martin, "my father has a farm up in Coos County, New Hampshire, and there are lots of maples on it, and our folks have made sugar for ever and ever so long, and we 've always made it in the old-fashioned way. We 'd go out in the orchard and cut a notch in the side of a sugar maple, and drive in a flat piece of wood, tipped down just a little, so 's to make a kind of gutter for the sap to run down, and put a kind of trough underneath to catch the sap when it dripped off the gutter, see?"

"But where did you get your sap?" asked Nathan.

"The sap? why, the sap 's in the tree, that 's what we make the sugar of. When the spring begins to come, before the snow 's off the ground, the sap begins to start in the trees, and it just creeps along inside and runs all through the tree, and if you bore a hole and tap the tree, you let the sap out; the tree 's full of sap, and it can't get out, see? Now if you were up in the country in sugaring time, I guess you little folks would be going round, tasting the sap as it came out the tree."

"Well, when the sap 's got to running, we have a kind of hut out in the bush, and we build a fire there, and hang a kettle over it, and then we go and get the sap that 's in the troughs, and bring it in buckets and fill the kettle. Many 's the time Hen and I have been out on snow-shoes to get it."

"Why I should think they would have been freezing cold," said Phippy.

"Cold? they were n't cold. They kept our feet out of the soft snow."

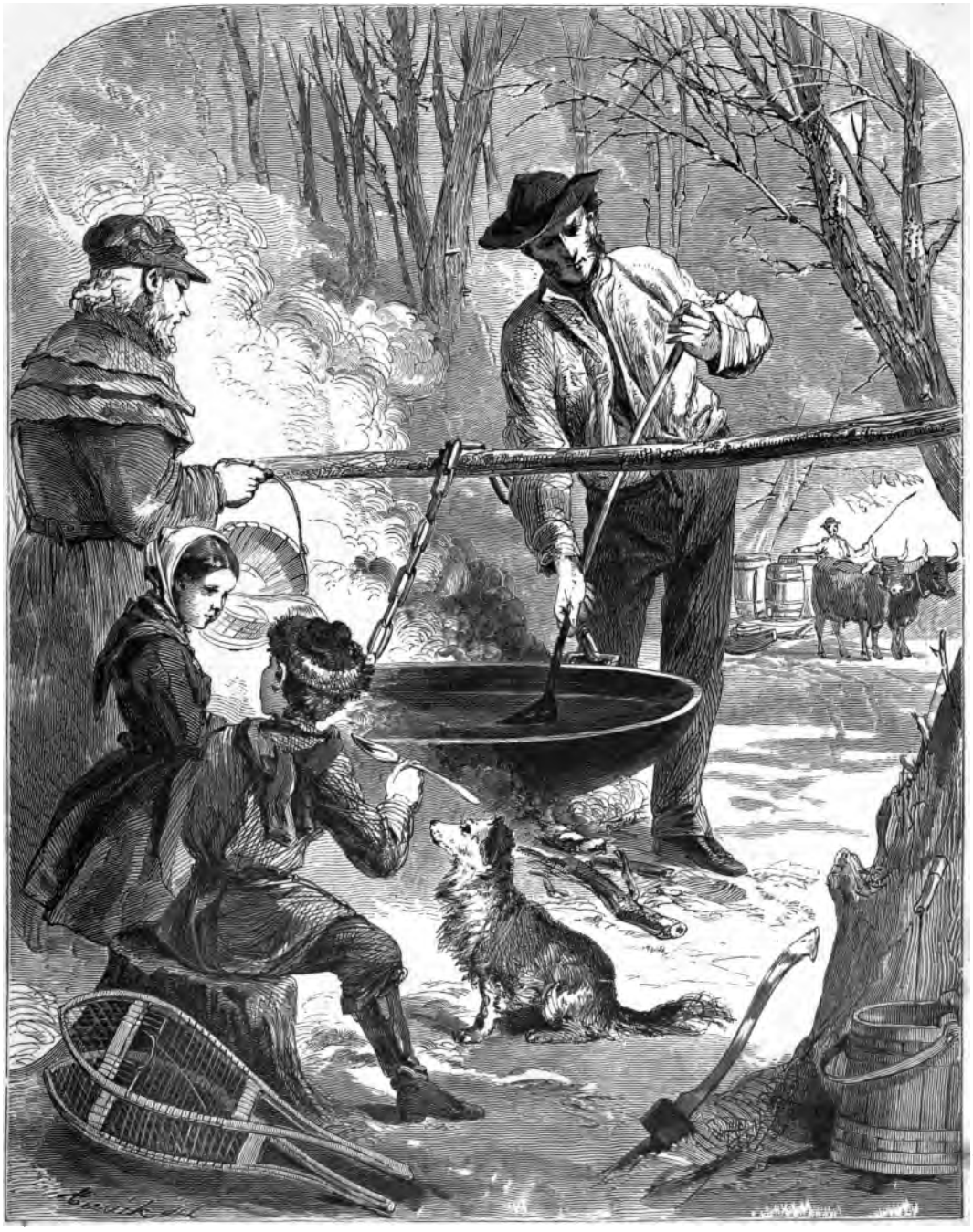
"But I should n't want to put my feet right into snow shoes, it seems to me," said Phippy, looking puzzled.

Tasting Sap.

"Oh," said Martin, laughing, "I see you never saw a pair of snow-shoes, did you?"

"No," said Phippy.

"Well, you can't buy them in the stores round here, I guess.



MAKING MAPLE SUGAR.

We used to make them. They 're flat things, made by twisting a stick, so as to make a sort of bow, with the ends close together, and you brace it with a couple of braces, and then you twine cords back and forth in a kind of net-work, see? They look a little like a salt fish; and you slip your feet into a noose on top of each, and go skimming along over the snow; but if you 're not used to them, you stick them into the snow, and then over you go."

"I wish you 'd make me a pair," said Nathan.

"Well, perhaps I will next winter. Hen and I used to make them. Well, now you put the sap into the kettle and boil it, and you boil away all the water that 's in the sap and you get a thick syrup. I tell you it 's great fun, tasting it. Somebody has to be skimming it every little while with a big ladle, to get the scum off, but the boys and girls take spoons and saucers and dip a little out and let it cool and then try it. Then when it 's all sugared off, you put it in little pans and let it harden. You make maple wax too, by pouring the syrup before you sugar off on to the snow and stir it a little till it 's just hard enough and sticky enough to handle, see?"

"Were n't you afraid of bears out there in the woods?" asked Nathan.

'Well, there were bears, and I saw them once or twice, but I guess I was more afraid of a bob-cat than 'most anything else."

"What 's a bob-cat?" asked Phippy. "I don't think I should be afraid of a cat."

"Wait till you see one out in the woods, with a little tail not much bigger 'n a rabbit's, and a head like a cat's, and hear him meaouw, and see him spring like a painter."

"Oh my!" said Lucy.

"Hen and I were out one day in the woods," continued Martin, "walking along a narrow path, when we heard a bob-cat coming towards us. We had n't any gun, or a knife, or a stick even, and there was n't any good tree to climb. Says I, 'Hen, it will never do to turn and run; the cat 'll be sure to chase us.' 'Let 's stop right here,' says Hen, 'and stand stock still and look at him. I 've heard you can frighten a wild beast that way.' We had n't any time to talk about it, for just then along came the bob-cat, trotting down the path right toward us. I tell you I felt pretty scared, but I just stood and stared right at the beast, and Hen, he stared at the beast, and the beast, he stood stock still and stared at us, he did. I felt my heart go thump, thump, just like an engine inside o' me, and I daresn't whisper, even to Hen. I suppose it was n't more 'n a minute, but it seemed a quarter of an hour, before any of us moved; then the bob-cat gave it up and started down the side of the hill, making a great yowling, and Hen and I, we turned and ran home pretty fast. I 've seen bob-cats since, but I never had one look at me so hard."

"Let 's go into the house," whispered Lucy to Phippy.

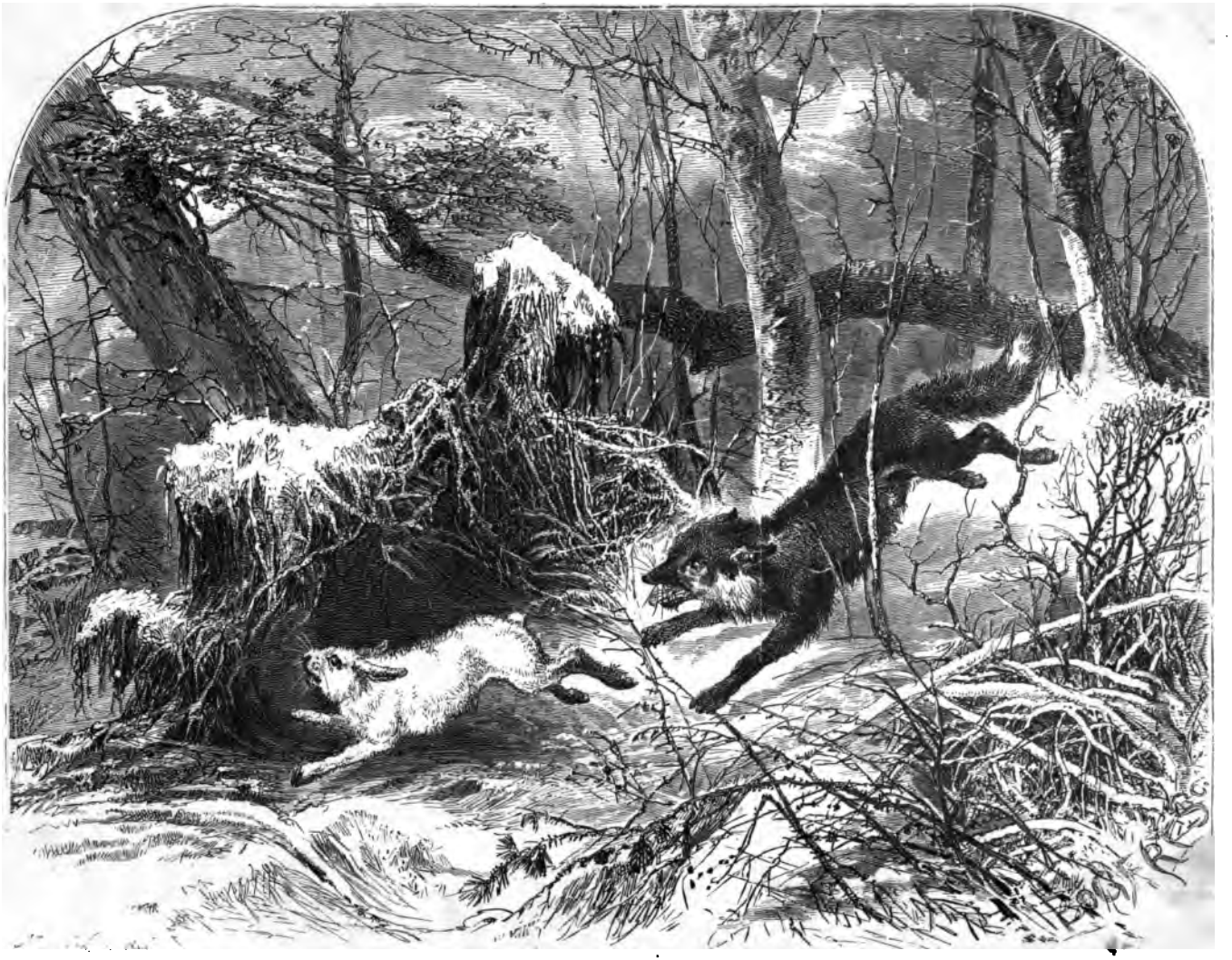
"Why, there are n't any bob-cats out here in the barn," said Martin.

"I guess they would n't stay here long, Martin, would they," said brave little Nathan. "I 'd get my bow and arrow and shoot them."

"Well, now," said Martin, "did you ever see a fox?"

"I 've seen pictures of them," said Nathan.

"There used to be lots of them about our farm," said Martin. "I was out one day in winter with my gun, and I saw a fox chasing a hare; they were going just as fast as they could go. The hare



THE FOX CHASING THE HARE JUST BEFORE MARTIN SHOT HIM

was running for dear life, and the fox was running for the dear hare. There was a light snow on the ground, and just as the fox was within one of putting his paw on poor Bunny, I shot him; away flew the hare, and I let her go. I thought it was a pity to shoot her after she had had such a narrow escape. I skinned the fox and nailed his skin on our barn door. They used to get our hens and chickens, and bothered us dreadfully."

"Oh, I know a story about a fox and a hen!" cried Phippy. "I learned it once in a book and said it at school."

"Oh it's a real funny story," said Lucy. "Do tell it, Phippy."

"It 's poetry," said Phippy. "Would you like to hear it, Martin?"

"Have ye the pot a-bilin'?" said Nathan.

"Now, Nathan, don't you spoil it. It 's my story," said Phippy.

"Let 's hear it," said Martin. So Philippa repeated the story, as she had learned it, as if she were a little Irish girl brimful of fun.

THE STORY OF THE LITTLE RID HIN.

There was once't upon a time
A little small rid hin,
Off in the good ould country
Where yees ha' nivir bin.

Nice and quiet shure she was,
And nivir did any harrum;
She lived alane all be herself,
And worked upon her farrum

There lived out o'er the hill,
In a great din o' rocks,

A crafty, shly, and wicked
Ould folly iv a fox.

This rashkill iv a fox,
He tuk it in his head
He 'd have the little rid hin:
So, whin he wint to bed,

He laid awake and thaught,
What a foine thing 'twad be
To fetch her home and bile her up
For his ould marm and he.

And so he thaught and thaught,
Until he grew so thin
That there was nothin' left of him
But jist his bones and shkin.

But the small rid hin was wise,
She always locked her door,
And in her pocket pit the key,
To keep the fox out, shure.

But at last there came a schame
Intil his wicked head,

And he tuk a great big bag
And to his mither said, —

"Now have the pot all bilin'
Agin the time I come;
We 'll ate the small rid hin to-night,
For shure I 'll bring her home."

And so away he wint
Wid the bag upon his back,
An' up the hill and through the woods
Saftly he made his track.

An' thin he came alang,
Craping as shtill 's a mouse,

To where the little small rid hin
Lived in her shnug ould house.

An' out she comes hersel',
Jist as he got in sight,
To pick up shticks to make her fire:
"Aha!" says fox, "all right.

"Begorra, now, I'll have yees
Widout much throuble more;"
An' in he shlips quite unbeknownst,
An' hides be'ind the door.

An' thin a minute afther,
In comes the small rid hin,
An' shuts the door, and locks it too,
An' thinks, "I'm safely in."

An' thin she tarns around
An' looks be'ind the door;
There shtands the fox wid his big tail
Shpread out upon the floor.

Dear me! she was so schared
Wid such a wondrous sight,
She dropped her apron-full of shticks,
An' flew up in a fright,

An' lighted on the bame
Across on top the room;
"Aha!" says she, "ye don't have me,
Ye may as well go home."

"Aha!" says fox, "we 'll see;
I 'll bring yees down from that."
So out he marched upon the floor
Right under where she sat.

An' thin he whiruled around,
An' round an' round an' round,
Fashter, an' fashter, an' fashter,
Afther his tail on the ground.

Until the small rid hin
She got so dizzy, shure,
Wid lookin' at the fox's tail,
She jist dropped on the floor.

An' fox he whipped her up,
An' pit her in his bag,

An' off he started all alone,
Him and his little dag.

All day he tracked the wood
Up-hill an' down again;
An' wid him, shmothrin in the bag,
The little small rid hin.

Sorra a know she knowed
Awhere she was that day;
Says she, "I 'm biled an' ate up, shure,
An' what 'll be to pay?"

Thin she betho't hersel',
An' tuk her schissors out,
An' shnipped a big hole in the bag,
So she could look about.

An' 'fore ould fox could think
She lept right out — she did,

An' thin picked up a great big shtone,
An' popped it in instid.

An' thin she rins off home,
Her outside door she locks,
Thinks she, "You see you don't have me,
You crafty, shly, ould fox."

An' fox, he tugged away
Wid the great big hivy shtone,
Thimpin' his shoulders very bad
As he wint in alone.

An' whin he came in sight
O' his great din o' rocks,
Jist watchin' for him at the door
He shpied ould mither fox.

"Have ye the pot a-bilin'?"
Says he to ould fox thin;
"Shure an' it is, me child," says she;
"Have ye the small rid hin?"

"Yes, jist here in me bag,
As shure as I shtand here;
Open the lid till I pit her in:
Open it — niver fear."

So the rashkill cut the sthring,
An' hild the big bag over;
"Now when I shake it in," says he,
"Do ye pit on the cover."

"Yis, that I will;" an' thin
The shtone wint in wid a dash,

An' the pot o' bilin' wather
Came over them ker-splash.

An' schalted 'em both to death,
So they could n't brathe no more;
An' the little small rid hin lived safe,
Jist where she lived before.

Martin laughed, and laughed.

"Well, now," said he, "I never. I 'd like to have had that hen. I 'll warrant she 's living yet."

"Martin! children!" came a voice from the distance.

"Hark, there 's mother calling," said Nathan, and they all scrambled down. They had been so interested in their stories, that they did not think what time it was, and now they found that the rain had stopped, and the sun was shining brightly. It was nearly dinner time, too, so the children went back to the house, and had the hay-seed brushed out of their hair.

CHAPTER IV.

MAY-DAY.

An old English May-pole.

THE evening of the last day of April, as the Bodley children went upstairs to bed, Phippy's voice could be heard above the rest, as she sang over and over without stop, — "Wake me early early mother for I'm to be Queen of the May." Lucy threw in her piping voice to the same words, and Nathan asserted stoutly that he was to be King of the May. It was their first May-day in the country, and though they were only three miles from the city where they had lived all their short lives, and had shivered on May-day quite as much as on the last day of April, yet they were in the country, and of course May-day would be beautiful and warm, and everybody would dance round May-poles just as they had read in their English story-books.

Kindly enough, May-day did begin fair. It was as lovely a day as heart of child could desire. The sun rose gayly, and hurried away the light clouds, that he might dry the grass, and warm the damp earth; and he was not a moment too early, for he had not yet taken the chill out of the air when the children came out of the shed and scampered about doing their little chores before breakfast, that they might be ready to start on their day's excursion immediately afterward. There were the hens and chickens to be fed; and Nathan with the corn measure, Phippy with a tin pan of meal, and Lucy with a watering-pot, all set out for the hen-house. They raised the wooden latch of the white-washed door, and all crowded in to the hen-house, shutting the door after them before any of the fluttering family should fly out over their heads. There were one or two hens still setting, and they only peeked at them on tiptoe, and then went into the yard, which was surrounded by high palings. An old apple-tree stood in the middle, never known to bear more than a scanty half-dozen pinched and crabbed little apples; but it was a tree, and made the hen yard look like a good place for hens to live in. The ground was riddled with the scratches of countless hens, and one would think that not a worm would ever dare to show his head above the ground. The hens and roosters fluttered about, picking up the corn that the children scattered, all of them running hastily after each handful, as if this time they were going to get something especially good, though a few prudent ones remained busily picking over the last scatter. Lucy poured some water into the little trough, and then they went out and mixed some meal and water for the chickens. It was pretty to see these. The mother anxiously clucking and moving back and forth under her coop, while the chickens, stretching out their pudgy

wings, would come streaming to the coop for breakfast. One little fellow, too fat to run between the slats, was squeezed there, sticking his drumsticks vigorously into the ground behind him, and peeping piteously until Lucy poked him through, and then he wanted to come right out again, for he seemed just to have discovered that the cold hasty-pudding was outside.

"I wonder if they would n't like some syrup on their hasty-pudding," said Phippy. "I should think it would choke them. Look at that little dear! she can't get it down."

"It 's the turkey chick," said Nathan. "That 's the only turkey chick we 've got. I don't see why the turkey eggs don't hatch better. Oh, she 's dying!"

"Oh, he 's dead, he 's dead!" cried Lucy, as the turkey chick, from some mysterious internal disease, or more likely, because too greedy, fell over and gasped once or twice.

"We must bury him," said Phippy with great promptness. "We must bury him, and cover him with rose leaves, and have a box with a velvet lining, and a procession. I 've read all about it in some story. And then we must put a chip over him. Come."

"It is n't a him," said Nathan. "It 's a shim, — a she I mean, I don't see why turkey eggs won't hatch. It 's real mean," and he looked rather angrily at the poor little turkey chick that Lucy had taken up and was smoothing down. "I don't want to bury her. She has n't done anything worth being buried for. She has n't got any soul. She 's a little heathen."

"O Nathan, heathens have souls," said Lucy. "You must n't say that. They have real souls."

"Yes," said Phippy, "first-rate ones, and we 'll call the turkey chick a heathen, and bury her; and, oh, I tell you what — we 'll

throw things at her. I mean, we 'll play she 's in the Ganges, and her mother comes and shrieks out, and throws herself on the burning pile, this way," and Phippy threw up her arms, and uttered a very shrill shriek. But just then the breakfast-bell rang.

"I tell you what," said Phippy, who had a new plan every minute. "We 'll take her out to the Grove with us, and bury her in the gorge, and we 'll pretend she was an Indian warrior, and I 'll say, 'Not a drum was heard, nor a funeral note,'" and so coming up to the house, they put the little chick away behind the trough until after breakfast.

"Well, children," said Mr. Bodley at the table, "what do you mean to do on May-day?"

"Oh, we 're going to the Grove," said Phippy, "and we 're going to be gone all day. May be we shall build a house, and live there, and you can come and see us, and bring mother if you want to, and we 're going to bury the turkey chick."

"The turkey chick?"

"Yes," said Nathan, with his mouth full. "She wempt n'bibe this morm."

"What?"

"She went and died this morning at half-past six. Father, I don't see why I can't raise turkeys. We can't have any at Thanksgiving now, and I meant to raise a roast turkey."

"Well, there 's your pig," said Mr. Bodley. "That will last all winter."

"Oh, my pig!" said Nathan, starting up. "I forgot my pig. Mother, may I go out and feed my pig? I forgot all about him when that old turkey died, and then the bell rang."

"Eat your breakfast first, and then you can finish feeding all the

cattle before you go to the Grove." The cattle was the name given to Nathan's pig and rabbits, and the hens and chickens. The pig belonged to him, for he had bought it with his own money, and he fed it every day, and cherished it as his special delight. Even the pair of rabbits which had been given to him were not quite so dear to him as his own pig, which he had bought with his own money, and was fattening up for the winter, when his father had promised to buy him if he was fat enough. The pig-sty was a neat place back of the barn. The little house was clean and tidy, and the sty between the pig-house and stable was fenced in by a tall board fence, which was painted, and covered with a pretty rose vine. When the time of roses came, the fence was covered with the bright flowers; but they had no other name with the children than pig-sty roses: they smelt just as sweet, however, with that name. Nathan could just jump up so as to catch hold of the top of this wooden wall, and then he would struggle, pulling himself up, with his toes knocking against the boards, and his knees scraping, until, with a very red face he would peer over the top; and piggy hearing the noise, would come grunting out, and stare for a moment at the little boy who thought so much of him, and who could only keep his place a moment, and then went rasping down the boards to the ground.

This morning, after the pig was fed, and the rabbits too, the children set out to spend their May-day in the Grove. Nathan carried his bow and arrows, a hatchet, and a long bean-pole which trailed behind him; Phippy had a covered basket which must have been very important, for she would let nobody look inside of it; and very heavy too, since she changed hands every little while; Lucy had her doll Salah in her arms, and she carried also the little turkey chick, while Lucy's kitty scampered along with them.

The Grove was a little clump of walnut-trees which stood on a rocky slope at the farther end of the place where the Bodleys lived. The whole place contained about thirty acres, besides a large piece of pasture-land, but only seven acres were owned by Mr. Bodley. The rest of the land, however, was just as free for the children to play in, and indeed was not fenced off from their own lot. They had discovered this grove to their great delight, and thought it a most wonderful piece of woods. A few bushes scrambled about, and there were little ledges of rocks as much as ten feet high, where one could jump off, besides one great boulder, not at all easily to be climbed, which they called Samson's Nut-cracker. Then there was a mysterious ravine running down between some rocks, closely hedged about with barberry bushes. They had never gone far into it; I think they were just a little afraid. They called it The Gorge, which sounded very mysterious to them, "just like a great throat," said Phippy, "that could swallow us up if we went down." Beyond the Grove and the Gorge was a gentle slope, and beyond that lay a road, while on the right the rocky pasture began, and there they had not yet ventured.

It was at the Grove that they meant to spend the May-day; and they had found a sheltered cranny in the ledge, where they meant to build their house, and live the livelong day. A walnut-tree grew close by, and a big rock, not so large as Samson's Nut-cracker though, protected them on the side toward the road. The leaves from the walnut-tree had quite choked up the cranny, and Nathan announced that they must first clear away the underbrush.

"That is the way they always do in new settlements," said he. "They cut down trees and clear away the underbrush, and then they build a house. We 'll let this tree stand for the present," he

THE REAL ROBINSON CRUSOE.

added kindly, and then throwing off his jacket, he took up his hatchet and fell to cutting and dashing away at the twigs and little branches that stuck out in their cave. They pulled out the leaves, but left enough to make a soft cushion on the ground, and were surprised to find that a crack in the ledge, where the leaves had gathered, reached in farther than they could see or feel.

"That will be good in case of danger," said Phippy. "It is an underground passage, and comes out on the other side of the ledge. No, it is n't; it 's a place to store provisions in. No it is n't either; it 's our children's bedroom," and she proceeded to stow the dolls in it upon a temporary bed of leaves. "They must endure privations," she said. "We are in a new country, and cannot expect the luxuries of home. Children," she went on, "if you ever miss me from home, don't be uneasy. You may know that I am safely hidden in the cave. I shall have a barrelcade at the entrance, to prevent wild animals from getting in, ting a tang, ting a tang, O poor Robinson Crusoe. Then there will be a book written about The Wonderful Adventures of Philippa Bodley, with illustrations."

"Nathan, Phippy," said Lucy, seriously, "we have n't buried the turkey chick yet."

"Oh, bother the turkey chick," said Nathan. "We ought to build a fort to keep out the Indians."

"No, Nathan, it is n't right. We must bury the turkey chick first."

"I tell you what," said Phippy, who was never at a loss for taking advantage of each turn. "We 'll bury the turkey chick, and Nathan will protect us with his bow and arrows. He will give the alarm if the Indians are coming, and then we 'll hurry back to the house, and bar the door, and shoot out of the window, and you and

I, Lucy, will bring cartridges in our aprons. I 've seen a picture just like it."

So it was decided, and they looked about for a good place to bury the turkey chick in.

"This the first one of the family," said Phippy, "and she can 't expect much of a funeral, or much of a seminary either. Oh, here 's a beautiful place!"

It was a shady copse into which the children peeped. A few bushes straggled around it as if they had been set there to keep off intruders, but were getting rather negligent. A low brick wall about six feet long, and a foot and a half above ground, stood there; some of the bricks had fallen out, and it was moss-covered and stained. The children looked on in wonder. Then light broke on them, and they all exclaimed, —

"Why it 's a tomb!"

Yes, an old tomb, or at least a grave of some sort, with the little old brick wall that looked like a head board to the old bed in which some sleeper had been lying, evidently for many years. They drew nearer, and discovered a gray tablet, with the letters and date, P. B. 1675.

"Here is the place to bury her in," said Nathan.

"Yes, and P. B. 1675; that will do for Poor Biddy, 1675 seconds old," said Phippy, promptly.

"I don't know," said Lucy, a little awe-struck, "I don't think I would bury her here."

"Yes, I would," said Phippy. "We 'll put her under one of the bushes. It 's a weeping willow"

So they buried the little chick under a weeping willow barberry bush, and Nathan was so interested that he forgot their danger from

Indians, until suddenly the sound of voices made them start up and leave the little chick only half covered.

"Indians!" whispered Nathan. "Run! quick!"

The little girls gave a scared look through the bushes, and saw, coming across the grass, a company that they could not make out exactly, but there was a flag, and something red; they did not look twice, but ran as fast as they could to the cave, which they could reach indeed without being seen. Nathan, too, came scrambling after, trying to fix an arrow into his bow-string, and stumbling over sticks and stones as he went.

"Keep still, keep perfectly still," said he, when they were all safely in the cave. "I am going out to reconnoitre."

"I'm glad we've got provisions enough to last," chattered Phippy, who was half frightened at what might be coming, and half believed her own fancy that they were Indians. Nathan cautiously peeped round the rock, but could see nothing. Then he lay down, and dragged himself over the ground with his bow and arrow, till he was very red in the face, and very dirty. At last he got where he could see the company. It was a party of large boys, all dressed in red flannel shirts, and carrying a banner which bore the motto, "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy." They had a drum and a fife, and were marching along, directly toward the Grove. Nathan scrambled back to the cave and whispered to Phippy and Lucy. Lucy covered the dolls up with leaves, and made Kitty keep perfectly still in her lap, while she sat, her little heart beating as the dreadful boys came nearer and nearer. Phippy was too excited to sit still. She whispered first to Nathan and then to Lucy, looked to see if the baskets were well hidden, proposed first that they should climb the tree, then that Nathan should hold a parley.

"Hold a parley, Nathan; they always do," she shouted in a whisper; "go out with a white flag. Here's my pocket-handkerchief. No, I tell you" —

At this moment an unearthly whoop from one of the boys made their hearts stop. Then there was a shout and a rush, and when Nathan peeped out again, the Jacks and their banner were streaming down the road at a great pace, following their leader, a youngster with a prodigious power of lungs, who was whooping them on, no one knew whither.

"Oh, what a narrow escape!" said Phippy. "My husband! my children! let us look after our cattle, to see if they are safe;" and the little girl ran out in great excitement, followed by the others, who capered about in great glee, while kitty scampered back and forth amongst them. Then they set up their May-pole, but they could find few flowers, save a few columbines that grew by the ledge, and these they tied round the pole, not knowing exactly how a May-pole was crowned. They took turns in being Queen, except Nathan, who was King. They could not well join hands in dancing round each other, but they danced just as hard; and when they made kitty Queen, and tried to dance round her, they got into a great frolic, and scampered laughing all over the field, for their Queen was very capricious, and led her subjects a fine life of it.

When noon came they had their dinner. They spread the table on a flat rock near the mouth of the cave, and imagined all sorts of wonderful things while they were eating. Then they found some dead boughs and sticks, and finished their house by making a sort of roof for it, which they covered with a loose thatch of leaves.

"Now our house is built," said Nathan; "we are in a settled country, and there are no more dangers."

"Oh yes, there are," said Phippy. "We are in danger from the British. They may come at any time and burn our house down."

"And the Mexicans, too," said Lucy; for it was then not long after the war with Mexico, and the children heard enough of the newspapers to have their heads filled with fighting.

"Then we 'll fight for our liberty," said Nathan.

"'Strike — for your altars and your fires.'

How does the next line go, Phip?"

"'Strike — for the green graves of your sires!'

O Nathan, I tell you, we must defend the tomb. The British are coming, and we must take up our last stand there. Come, quick!" and away rushed the children to the little copse where poor Biddy lay half buried, and wholly forgotten, while they got down behind the old brick wall and fired at imaginary British coming up.

"I 'll be the British army," said Phippy. "You must n't fire till you see the whites of my eyes," and she darted out of the copse, and presently came prancing up to the tomb, like a whole British army on horseback.

"Fire!" shouted Nathan, and carried away by his excitement, he really shot off his arrow, which whizzed dangerously near Phippy.

"Here, here!" said Mr. Bodley, who had come up, unseen by the children, while Mrs. Bodley was following across the grass. "This is rather dangerous sport, Nathan."

"O father, I did n't mean to fire, but the arrow went right off. It 's a gun, and Phippy is the British, and Lucy and I are defending the grave of our sires. We 've made our last stand here, sir."

"Well, well, we 've done quarreling with the British now. Just see here, Sarah," to Mrs. Bodley, who was now looking in upon the

group; "the children have been playing at fighting the British over old Paul Bodley's grave."

"Paul Bodley!" exclaimed Phippy. "Is P. B. Paul Bodley, and was he" —

"To be sure he was. He was your great, great, great, great-grandfather."

"Why, papa, did he use to live here where we live?"

"Yes, he lived by the ledge back there, but there is no trace of his house there now. Here he lived, and here he died and was buried, and his sons lived here afterward, until the Revolution. Do you want to hear about the old gentleman?"

"Oh, do tell us right here."

"Not now," said Mrs. Bodley. "It 's growing late. But after tea I rather think papa will tell you a little, if you are not too sleepy."

Then Mr. Bodley took Lucy up on to his shoulder, and they set out for the house, a merry procession. It still lacked a half hour of tea time, but it was a pleasant, warm afternoon, and the children sat upon the door-step looking out upon the locust-trees and the lawn, and talking about their day's sport.

"I should n't wonder," said Lucy, "if that Grove were a place where the Fairies went sometimes."

"I think," said Phippy, "that they like mountains best: no, I don't either, I think they like to live like Will o' the Wisp in the meadows; yes I do too. I 've read somewhere about fairies in the mountains. Let 's ask mama." So mama was called and she told them the story of —

THE FOUR QUEER ELVES.

Rufflecumtuffle and Floppytyfly,
Bibbetybobble and Kickittygo,
Were four queer elves
Who lived by themselves
On a mountain high,
And scorned the fairies that dwelt below.

But Rufflecumtuffle was a real dandy,
With whiskers flowing wide and sandy;
And had wonderful wings
Painted with gold and scarlet rings;
And he longed to dance in the fairies' hall,
For he knew he must outshine them all.

So Rufflecumtuffle determined to go,
And did not mean that the others should know.
He sought for a steed,
To take him down the mountain with speed;
His long-tailed mouse that pranced so gay
Had stolen away.

So he had to harness an honest toad
To his mushroom car, and take the road.
Twice on the way, his car broke down;
And while he patched it with sticks and things,
He was heard to say, "By black and by brown,"
He was tempted to take to his wings.
But safely he reached the fairies' hall,
And was kindly and gayly greeted by all.

Now Bibbotybobble and Kickittygo and Floppytyfly,
Were terribly sly,
When they found themselves on the mountain alone,
They guessed where Rufflecumtuffle had gone.
And wanted to go themselves,
The silly, comical elves!

So they harnessed a turtle safe and slow
To their family coach, and Kickittygo
Held the reins and flourished the whip;
And down with many a bump and slip
They rode, till they reached the fairies' hall,
And were kindly greeted and welcomed by all.

Rufflecumtuffle was striding about
With his head thrown back, and his chest thrown out,
And held himself so stiff and prim
That the fairies would surely have laughed at him
If they had not been quite
Too good and polite.
He had danced and danced with the prettiest fay,
And twisted his mustache every way,
And paraded his wings
With the gold and scarlet rings,
And felt so vain and proud,
That he almost chuckled aloud.

But when he saw his brothers three
Come rubbing their hands with elvish glee,
With shame and dismay
He almost fainted away.
But a fairy flew
For a cup of the strongest perfumed dew,
And gave him to drink; and they brought sweet wine
Out of the red-horned columbine;
And passed it around to the elves,
Who then straitway
Became so gay,
That they hardly knew how to contain themselves;
And when the ravishing music began,
The fairy flutes and viols sweet,

So Rufflecumtuffle determined to go,
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To take him down the mountain with speed;
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was their bedroom. Some bits of cotton had been given them, and they had pulled it to pieces and made a soft bed of it. From the gallery there was another wire ladder which ran up into what was called the Pavilion, and the hole where it popped out was surrounded by a wire balustrade. The Pavilion was an open hall, roofed over, with a balcony in front, and a gate to close the bal-

Mouse Castle.

cony, but sometimes the gate was open, and a little ladder was fastened to the front, up and down which the mice could run. But what they liked best to do, was to run through their attic chamber to a revolving wire wheel at the farther end and go round and round on it, as fast as it could be made to whirl. It was odd,

though, that only one of the mice would play in the wheel at a time. They tried at first to play in it together, but it would not whirl very well for some reason; one would perhaps try to go one way and the other the other way, and so the wheel would not turn, or if one happened to stop a moment, while the other one kept on turning, over he would go heels over head; so after a while they concluded to play in it by turns, and when one was whirling the other would stay in the house or go down to the Pavilion, or perhaps run out to the front door to see if the provision merchant was not going by. If the little mouse in the wheel kept whirling round and had so good a time as to forget the other one, his companion waiting outside would dart into the wheel, remind the little rogue that it was his turn now, and then they would change places.

The children had often played with these mice at Aunt Janet's, and Nathan was as pleased as he could be at actually having for his own, Mouse Castle and the little mice that lived in it. It was brought into the room after breakfast on Nathan's birthday, and the children played with it until school time and then hurried home to play till dinner time, and after dinner they played with it till they went to school again, and after school, when he came home to supper, Mr. Bodley found them still gathered before it.

"Father," said Nathan after supper, "I do believe that these mice like music. I have been singing to them, and they stood still, close together, right here on the Pavilion. I could see their hearts beat."

"Oh play the bagpipe to them, papa!" cried Phippy.

"Yes, do," said Nathan. I'm sure they'd like it."

"Oh," said Lucy, softly, and looked at her father rather anxiously,

"Well, Lucy," said he, "shall I play it?" She came close to him and whispered in his ear.

"I don't believe I'll play the bagpipe," said Mr. Bodley. "These mice are city mice, and I don't believe they ever heard such queer music. It would frighten them. What they like is to hear gentle music. Now when Jean Marot played the bagpipe he played a music that could charm wolves."

"Oh tell us more about Jean Marot," said Nathan. He was a Frenchman who lived at grandpa's, was n't he?"

"Yes; he was an old Frenchman who came over from France in times when there was a war there; he was a poor man, and hid himself on board one of your grandfather's ships. Nobody found it out, until they had been at sea several days. Then he crawled out from behind some barrels, with nothing but his old bagpipe in his hand. He had eaten the few scraps he had brought with him, and was nearly dead with hunger and cold and sea-sickness. He stood there and made a bow, and at first the sailors were frightened, but the captain could speak French, and he found out what the matter was. Jean lived in the woods in the northern part of France, and he had a son who ran away from home to America. Jean lived alone, till his wife and all of his children had died, and then he was so homesick to see his boy Robert that he walked to the sea-coast and waited for a chance to hide himself in some ship bound to America. He did not know how big our country was, but he thought of course he would find Robert here. He asked the captain about him, but the captain could not tell him anything. He used to play on his bagpipe to the sailors and they danced to the music, but it was very queer music.

I was a little boy when he came to your grandfather's house. The captain brought him there, and he was so old and feeble that grandfather let him live with us. He was very fond of me and used

THE WOLF CHARMER.

to play the bagpipe to me, and tell me stories about the woods in which he lived. He taught me how to play his queer old instrument, and I learned some of his odd tunes, such as you have heard me play. Lucy thinks they are rather fearful. And no wonder, for once in a while when it was a warm, sunny day, and Jean had had a good dinner, he used to tell me about the way he could charm wolves. I never quite knew whether to believe his stories, but he said that he would go out into the forest when he heard the wolves howling, and take his bagpipe and begin to play, and pretty soon they would gather about him, a whole pack of them, and follow him like a flock of sheep."

"Martin has seen a bear," said Nathan.

"Well, I don't believe Martin ever played his accordeon to a bear."

"Oh yes, he has," cried out Phippy, "and made him dance to it."

"That was a tame bear, Phip," said Nathan. "He never played his accordeon to a bob-cat, anyway."

"Well, Jean used to tell me how he played to the wolves, till they would rub themselves against his legs, and then he would stick out his leg for me to see, and say, 'There, right there!' and I used to look at his leg until it looked just like a wolf's paw to me."

"Well, did you ever try to charm any animals with your bagpipe?" asked Mrs. Bodley, who had come in while Mr. Bodley was telling his story.

"I used to try it on the pigs," said he, laughing, "but I don't think they had much soul for music in them. The fault could not have been in the bagpipe, or in me."

"I think the Pied Piper had a prettier musical instrument than Jean Marot," said Mrs. Bodley.

"Oh, I know," said Phippy. "Tom, Tom, the Piper's son, stole a pig and away he run."

"I don't believe my Pied Piper's son ever stole a pig," said her mother, laughing. "He was called the Pied Piper, because he wore a dress that was half of yellow and half of red, and he played on a pipe, which is something like Cousin Ned's flageolet. Would you like to hear the story of the Pied Piper?"

"Yes, yes," they all shouted, and Lucy climbed into her mother's lap.

"Well," said she, "I will tell it to you in poetry, as I learned it, and then you can all go to bed. Perhaps Lucy will go to sleep as I tell it." So she told the story which is here set down, just as it was written by a great English poet, who wrote it to amuse a little boy.

THE PIED PIPER OF HAMELIN.

BY ROBERT BROWNING.

I.

Hamelin Town 's in Brunswick,
By famous Hanover city;
The river Weser, deep and wide,
Washes its wall on the southern side;
A pleasanter spot you never spied;
But, when begins my ditty,
Almost five hundred years ago,
To see the townsfolks suffer so
From vermin, was a pity.

II.

Rats!
They fought the dogs, and killed the cats,
And bit the babies in the cradles,

And ate the cheeses out of the vats,
And licked the soup from the cook's own ladles,
Split open the kegs of salted sprats,
Made nests inside men's Sunday hats,
And even spoiled the women's chats,
By drowning their speaking
With shrieking and squeaking
In fifty different sharps and flats.

III.

At last the people in a body
To the Town Hall came flocking:
"'T is clear," cried they, "our Mayor 's a noddy
And as for our Corporation — shocking
To think we buy gowns lined with ermine
For dolts that can't or won't determine
What 's best to rid us of our vermin!
You hope, because you 're old and obese,
To find in the furry civic robe ease?
Rouse up, sirs! Give your brains a racking
To find the remedy we 're lacking,
Or, sure as fate, we 'll send you packing!"
At this the Mayor and Corporation
Quaked with a mighty consternation.

IV.

An hour they sat in council,
At length the Mayor broke silence:
"For a guilder I 'd my ermine gown sell;
I wish I were a mile hence!
It 's easy to bid one rack one's brain —
I 'm sure my poor head aches again
I 've scratched it so, and all in vain.
Oh for a trap, a trap, a trap!"

Just as he said this, what should hap
At the chamber door but a gentle tap?
"Bless us," cried the Mayor, "what's that?"
(With the Corporation as he sat,
Looking little though wondrous fat;
Nor brighter was his eye, nor moister
Than a too-long-opened oyster,
Save when at noon his paunch grew mutinous
For a plate of turtle green and glutinous.)
"Only a scraping of shoes on the mat?
Anything like the sound of a rat
Makes my heart go pit-a-pat!"

v.

"Come in!" — the Mayor cried, looking bigger:
And in did come the strangest figure!
His queer long coat from heel to head
Was half of yellow and half of red;
And he himself was tall and thin,
With sharp blue eyes, each like a pin,
And light loose hair, yet swarthy skin,
No tuft on cheek nor beard on chin,
But lips where smiles went out and in —
There was no guessing his kith and kin!
And nobody could enough admire
The tall man and his quaint attire:
Quoth one: "It's as my great-grandsire,
Starting up at the Trump of Doom's tone,
Had walked this way from his painted tomb-stone!"

vi.

He advanced to the council-table:
And, "Please your honors," said he, "I 'm able,
By means of a secret charm, to draw

All creatures living beneath the sun,
That creep or swim or fly or run,
After me so as you never saw!
And I chiefly use my charm
On creatures that do people harm,
The mole and toad and newt and viper;
And people call me the Pied Piper."
(And here they noticed round his neck
A scarf of red and yellow stripe,
To match with his coat of the self-same check;
And at the scarf's end hung a pipe;
And his fingers, they noticed, were ever straying,
As if impatient to be playing
Upon this pipe, as low it dangled
Over his vesture so old-fangled.)
"Yet," said he, "poor piper as I am,
In Tartary I freed the Cham,
Last June, from his huge swarms of gnats;
I eased in Asia the Nizam
Of a monstrous brood of vampire-bats:
And as for what your brain bewilders,
If I can rid your town of rats,
Will you give me a thousand guilders?"
"One? fifty thousand!" — was the exclamation
Of the astonished Mayor and Corporation.

VII.

Into the street the Piper stept,
Smiling first a little smile,
As if he knew what magic slept
In his quiet pipe the while;
Then, like a musical adept,
To blow the pipe his lips he wrinkled,
And green and blue his sharp eyes twinkled

Like a candle-flame where salt is sprinkled;
And ere three shrill notes the pipe uttered,
You heard as if an army muttered;
And the muttering grew to a grumbling;
And the grumbling grew to a mighty rumbling;
And out of the houses the rats came tumbling.
Great rats, small rats, lean rats, brawny rats,
Brown rats, black rats, gray rats, tawny rats,
Grave old plodders, gay young friskers,
  Fathers, mothers, uncles, cousins,
Cocking tails and pricking whiskers,
  Families by tens and dozens,
Brothers, sisters, husbands, wives —
Followed the Piper for their lives.
From street to street he piped advancing,
And step for step they followed dancing,
Until they came to the river Weser
Wherein all plunged and perished! —
Save one who, stout as Julius Cæsar,
Swam across and lived to carry
(As he, the manuscript he cherished)
To Rat-land home his commentary;
Which was: "At the first shrill notes of the pipe,
I heard a sound as of scraping tripe,
And putting apples, wondrous ripe,
Into a cider-press's gripe:
And a moving away of pickle-tub boards,
And a leaving ajar of conserve cupboards,
And a drawing the corks of train-oil flasks,
And a breaking the hoops of butter casks;
And it seemed as if a voice
(Sweeter far than by harp or by psaltery
Is breathed) called out, O rats, rejoice!
The world is grown to one vast drysaltery!

So, munch on, crunch on, take your nuncheon,
Breakfast, supper, dinner, luncheon!
And just as a bulky sugar puncheon,
All ready staved, like a great sun shone
Glorious scarce an inch before me,
Just as methought it said, Come, bore me!
I found the Weser rolling o'er me."

VIII.

You should have heard the Hamelin people
Ringing the bells till they rocked the steeple.
"Go," cried the Mayor, "and get long poles!
Poke out the nests and block up the holes!
Consult with carpenters and builders,
And leave in our town not even a trace
Of the rats!" — when, suddenly, up the face
Of the Piper perked in the market-place,
With a, "First, if you please, my thousand guilders!"

IX.

A thousand guilders! The Mayor looked blue;
So did the Corporation too.
For council dinners made rare havoc
With Claret, Moselle, Vin-de-Grave, Hock;
And half the money would replenish
Their cellar's biggest butt with Rhenish.
To pay this sum to a wandering fellow
With a gypsy coat of red and yellow!
"Beside," quoth the Mayor, with a knowing wink,
"Our business was done at the river's brink;
We saw with our eyes the vermin sink,
And what's dead can't come to life, I think.
So, friend, we're not the folks to shrink
From the duty of giving you something for drink,

And a matter of money to put in your poke;
But as for the guilders, what we spoke
Of them, as you very well know, was in joke.
Beside, our losses have made us thrifty.
A thousand guilders! Come, take fifty!"

X.

The Piper's face fell, and he cried,
"No trifling! I can't wait, beside!
I've promised to visit by dinner time
Bagdad, and accept the prime
Of the Head-Cook's pottage, all he's rich in,
For having left, in the Caliph's kitchen,
Of a nest of scorpions no survivor:
With him I proved no bargain driver;
With you, don't think I'll bate a stiver!
And folks who put me in a passion
May find me pipe to another fashion."

XI.

"How?" cried the Mayor, "d'ye think I'll brook
Being worse treated than a Cook?
Insulted by a lazy ribald
With idle pipe and vesture piebald?
You threaten us, fellow? Do your worst,
Blow your pipe there till you burst!"

XII.

Once more he stept into the street,
And to his lips again
Laid his long pipe of smooth straight can;
And ere he blew three notes (such sweet
Soft notes as yet musician's cunning
Never gave the enraptured air)

THE PIED PIPER OF HAMELIN.

There was a rustling, that seemed like a bustling
Of merry crowds jostling at pitching and hustling,
Small feet were pattering, wooden shoes clattering,
Little hands clapping and little tongues chattering,
And, like fowls in a farm-yard when barley is scattering,
Out came the children running.
All the little boys and girls,
With rosy cheeks and flaxen curls,
And sparkling eyes and teeth like pearls,
Tripping and skipping, ran merrily after
The wonderful music with shouting and laughter.

XIII.

The Mayor was dumb, and the Council stood
As if they were changed into blocks of wood,
Unable to move a step, or cry
To the children merrily skipping by,
And could only follow with the eye
That joyous crowd at the Piper's back.
But how the Mayor was on the rack,
And the wretched Council's bosoms beat,
As the Piper turned from the High Street
To where the Weser rolled its waters
Right in the way of their sons and daughters!
However he turned from South to West,
And to Koppelberg Hill his steps addressed,
And after him the children pressed;
Great was the joy in every breast.
"He never can cross that mighty top!
He 's forced to let the piping drop,
And we shall see our children stop!"
When, lo! as they reached the mountain's side,
A wondrous portal opened wide,
As if a cavern was suddenly hollowed;

And the Piper advanced and the children followed,
And when all were in to the very last,
The door in the mountain-side shut fast.
Did I say, all? No! One was lame,
And could not dance the whole of the way;
And in after years, if you would blame
His sadness, he was used to say, —
"It's dull in our town since my playmates left!
I can't forget that I'm bereft
Of all the pleasant sights they see,
Which the Piper also promised me.
For he led us, he said, to a joyous land,
Joining the town and just at hand,
Where waters gushed and fruit-trees grew,
And flowers put forth a fairer hue,
And everything was strange and new;
The sparrows were brighter than peacocks here,
And their dogs outran our fallow-deer,
And honey-bees had lost their stings,
And horses were born with eagle's wings:
And just as I became assured
My lame foot would be speedily cured,
The music stopped and I stood still,
And found myself outside the Hill,
Left alone against my will,
To go now limping as before,
And never hear of that country more!"

XIV.

Alas, alas for Hamelin!
There came into many a burgher's pate
A text which says, that Heaven's Gate
Opes to the Rich at as easy rate
As the needle's eye takes a camel in!

The Mayor sent East, West, North, and South,
To offer the Piper, by word of mouth,
  Wherever it was men's lot to find him,
Silver and gold to his heart's content,
If he 'd only return the way he went,
  And bring the children behind him.
But when they saw 't was a lost endeavor,
And Piper and dancers were gone forever,
They made a decree that lawyers never
  Should think their records dated duly
If, after the day of the month and year,
These words did not as well appear,
"And so long after what happened here
  On the Twenty-Second of July,
Thirteen hundred and seventy-six:"
And the better in memory to fix
The place of the children's last retreat,
They called it the Pied Piper's Street, —
Where any one playing on pipe or tabor
Was sure for the future to lose his labor.
Nor suffered they hostelry or tavern
  To shock with mirth a street so solemn;
But opposite the place of the cavern
  They wrote the story on a column,
And on the great Church window painted
The same, to make the world acquainted
How their children were stolen away;
And there it stands to this very day.
And I must not omit to say
That in Transylvania there 's a tribe
Of alien people that ascribe
The outlandish ways and dress
On which their neighbors lay such stress,
To their fathers and mothers having risen

Out of some subterraneous prison
Into which they were trepanned
Long time ago in a mighty band
Out of Hamelin town in Brunswick land,
But how or why, they don't understand.

XV.

So, Willy, let me and you be wipers
Of scores out with all men — especially pipers:
And, whether they pipe us free from rats, or from mice,
If we 've promised them aught, let us keep our promise.

"Lucy is n't asleep," said Phippy.

"Well, let me see if I can't pipe these children to follow me," said the mother, and she caught up the hearth broom and pretended to play upon it as she danced out of the room, singing: —

"Oh come, come away,
From stories now reposing,
Let papa sip each little lip:
Oh come, come away!"

The children laughed merrily, kissed their papa, and danced, singing, out of the room and up to bed.

CHAPTER VI.

MASTER HIGH FLYER.

ONE day in June, Nathan looked out of the window of the children's play-room and counted thirteen kites flying. Some were so high that he could but just see them, and some so near that he could

see the strings that held them and bent under the weight of the air. They were plunging and soaring, veering this way and that, and waving their tails behind with every motion. It was the afternoon, and he looked at his own half-finished kite on the floor, and won-

The Little Photographers.

dered if he could finish it that day. He thought he would go and find Phippy and Lucy and get them to help him. So he went downstairs and opened the door into his mother's room, but stopped as Phippy uttered a loud *'sh!* He could not see her at first. Then

he made her out under a chair which she had tipped down, while she had thrown an apron over her head. Lucy sat opposite to her, holding a hearth broom in her lap.

"Phip!" said he, "what *are* you doing?"

"Nathan, hush! photographs. I'm taking Lucy. Don't you breathe. You'll injure the negative. Now Lucy, look right at the corner where I am pointing. Hold your knitting still. Nathan, don't you laugh. "We're going to have a rembranteffeck, like mama's picture. Now, Lucy, keep perfectly still, and don't you move your eyes, or you'll hurt the picture. I'm counting twenty." She stayed faithfully under the apron, then threw it off, and rushed away with a slate under her arm, which she said she was going to take into a closet to touch up. The children waited patiently for her to come back, and presently she appeared triumphantly with the slate. Yes, and a picture of Lucy on it, but as Mrs. Bodley came laughing into the room at the same time, it looked very much as if she had had something to do with touching it up.

"Now, Phippy," said Mrs. Bodley, "you can put on your hat and go with me to meet papa."

"Oh, I want the children to help me with my kite," said Nathan, looking rather dismayed.

"I'll help you," said Lucy, so off the two went together to the great play-room. There Lucy held the paste-pot, which was quite as much as she could do, for she had a doll in her other arm, and it was a very critical time, for the doll was taking her afternoon nap, which must not be disturbed. The kite was to be a very grand one, — it stood nearly six feet from the ground, — and Nathan was reflecting whether he should not have to ask Martin to help him fly it; but what made it particularly fine was that his mother had painted a

boy's face on it, which was looking with all eyes, and with mouth half-open, as if he were just about to speak. The children called him Master High Flyer, because they intended that he should go up into the air just as far as a very large ball of string would let him. When Lucy's doll was fast asleep, she was laid down carefully in Lucy's lap, who then could help Nathan make bobs for the tail of his kite. The sun went down just as they finished making the last, and Master High Flyer was stood on tiptoe in the corner, with the paper tail hung carelessly over his shoulder, there to pass the night, his last night in the house, for to-morrow he was to start on his journey.

Just as they were leaving the room, Nathan and Lucy turned to look on the kite, and Lucy said, —

"I do think, Nathan, that it is too bad to leave Master High Flyer all alone here; see how his eyes look as if he did not want us to go."

"Why, it 's only a kite, Lucy," said Nathan. "A kite does n't think anything."

"Well, I mean to leave Salah. Salah will keep him company, and she never has spent a night here before, for she has always slept with me. Good-night, Salah!" and Lucy kissed her and sat her upright in a little willow rocking-chair directly opposite Master High Flyer, and then she went away with Nathan and shut the door of the play-room.

It was now perfectly still there and gradually growing darker, though it was light enough yet to see pretty well. Master High Flyer and Salah sat looking at one another; he leaning against the wall, and she sitting bolt upright in her rocking-chair. He stared so hard and held his mouth open so, that she expected every mo-

ment he was going to speak, until at length, getting tired of being so still, and a little frightened, too, as it grew dark, Salah herself spoke out, but pretended she was speaking to herself only, —

"It is rather too bad that I should have had a nap this afternoon, for then I might have been able to go to sleep up here; but now it looks as if I were to keep awake all night, and I am afraid there is to be no candle lighted."

"Oh, I 'm so sorry," said Master High Flyer suddenly, and then he stopped short.

"Did you speak, sir," asked Salah, after a moment, glad if they were to have a little conversation.

"Oh, yes! oh, yes! oh, yes!" said he, rapidly.

"Well," said she, after waiting some time for him to go on.

"Oh, you are so beautiful!" said he all of a sudden. Salah did not know just what to say in reply; now she was getting confused, and at this Master High Flyer, who had nearly lost his wits out of love for her, grew more bold and tried to lean forward, but could not.

"Do not think," said he, "that I don't care because I lean back here against the wall. It is not my fault, and I do care a great deal. If you do not mind, suppose you move your rocking-chair a little nearer, for it is growing dark and I am afraid I shall not be able to see you much longer."

"I — I think I would better stay where I was placed," said Salah, who did not like to confess that she could not move her chair, though it was on rockers.

"Then we must make the best of it," said Master High Flyer, and there was a pause. "Oh, what shall I say next?" he said to himself; "I wish she would speak;" but she did not, and he said aloud, —

"Are you pretty comfortable?"

"Yes, pretty," said Salah.

"Oh, you are more than pretty," said he, with a sudden thought, and then he stopped short, for he was frightened again.

"You said that before," said Salah, "or something like it."

"And I will say it again," began he.

"Oh, but you must n't," said she; "you are getting rude."

"But I mean, if you want me to," said he.

"Well, not just yet," said she. "Tell me first how long you have been here. We might tell stories to each other, till we fall asleep."

"I shall not go to sleep, I assure you," said Master High Flyer, firmly.

"But I shall," said Salah, "and I begin to feel sleepy already."

"Oh, no," said he, in alarm; "here, I will tell you all about myself," and he began. "I will go back just as far as I can recollect. I think it was partly in the wood-shed and partly in the dining-room" —

"I am almost asleep," said Salah.

"Oh, wake up, Salah! I do not remember anything at all till you came into the room this afternoon. You were asleep."

"I am not asleep," said Salah, indignantly. "I have heard every word."

"I don't mean now, Salah — I don't mean now; I mean this afternoon. As I was sitting here and thinking that I did not know what was going to happen, and I had been lying flat on my back looking up at the rafters and feeling as if nothing was going right, just then I thought I heard footsteps, and pretty soon they came nearer, and the door opened, and then it shut, and Nathan came and

helped me to stand up, and I felt pretty sure that something was going to happen, though I could not tell what; and then the door opened again and more footsteps came in, and then the door shut, and then Lucy came and spoke to Nathan and said she would take the paste-pot, and then, oh, then, Salah, I saw you!" Master High Flyer waited a moment, but Salah said nothing.

"You were asleep then — were n't you, Salah? for I saw you and you did not see me." No answer came, and he grew uneasy.

"Salah!" said he, gently, "are you awake? Dear Salah! — oh my! did she hear that?" But all was silent.

"Oh, I ought not to have made it so long before I came to her," said he, disconsolately. "I ought to have begun with that; I ought to have said, 'Salah, the first thing I remember in my life is that I saw you, and I do not wish to remember any farther back;' and then she would have said, 'Oh, you must n't,' just as she did before, and I would have said, 'Well, I won't remember anything farther back, but I remember perfectly everything since that;' and she would have said, 'Why, what happened?' and then I would have told everything in little short sentences, and have put her name into each, and then she would have kept awake. This is the way we would have talked," and Master High Flyer, finding Salah would not wake up, began and kept up a long conversation, saying just what he chose and making Salah grow to say very bold things indeed to him, and mighty pleasant ones to listen to. It was past midnight, and he was saying, "Then I would say, 'My own dearest Salah, you sat down in the rocking-chair' (for he had got no farther than this), and she would say, 'Dear High, I remember, and you were leaning against the wall; go on, dear High."

"Dear High, indeed!" broke in Salah, really, at this point, for

she had just waked up; "who said 'Dear High' to you, Master High Flyer?"

He was in a great fright and did not dare say a word, lest he should say something that would make matters worse, and he suddenly resolved to pretend to be asleep.

"I certainly heard talking," said Salah to herself. "I woke up hearing those words; it cannot be that I have been talking in my sleep. It would be extremely vexatious. I must keep awake, but I will pretend to be asleep."

And so there was silence for a long time; both were awake, but Salah was not going to speak first, and Master High Flyer did not dare to speak unless she were asleep. At length he said in a little whisper, as if he could pretend he had not spoken if she answered, —

"Salah!"

But Salah kept prudently quiet. Then he spoke louder and louder, and finally becoming bold again, he resumed his story where he left off, though he was a little more careful what he made Salah say; anything that was very nice he only whispered to himself, and it made Salah grow very curious. It was indeed beginning to be light, and Master High Flyer felt that his time was short. He had now got as far as where Salah overheard him first.

"Just then I said, 'Salah would say, "Dear High, I remember, and you were leaning against the wall; go on, dear High,"' and (here a long pause, in which Master High Flyer was saying to himself, 'My own most lovely Salah') woke up and spoke these two words, 'Dear High.' Oh, I wish she had said them in earnest, but she was only repeating what I said, and I was so frightened that I did not say anything more out loud for a long time. If I had only

dared to, I would have said what I only said to myself; but I was afraid she would hear me, and yet I wanted her to hear me. I was saying in answer to her question, 'I said, "Dear High" to myself, Salah; but I was pretending that you said it, because I wanted to hear you say it.' If I had only had the courage to speak this out, but I had not; and now it is growing light, and when Salah wakes up I shall not know what to say, especially if she asks me what I said in the night."

"Hem!" said Salah, who had, as we know, been listening all this time.

"Oh my!" said Master High Flyer.

"My what?" asked Salah, mischievously. "Is it my me?"

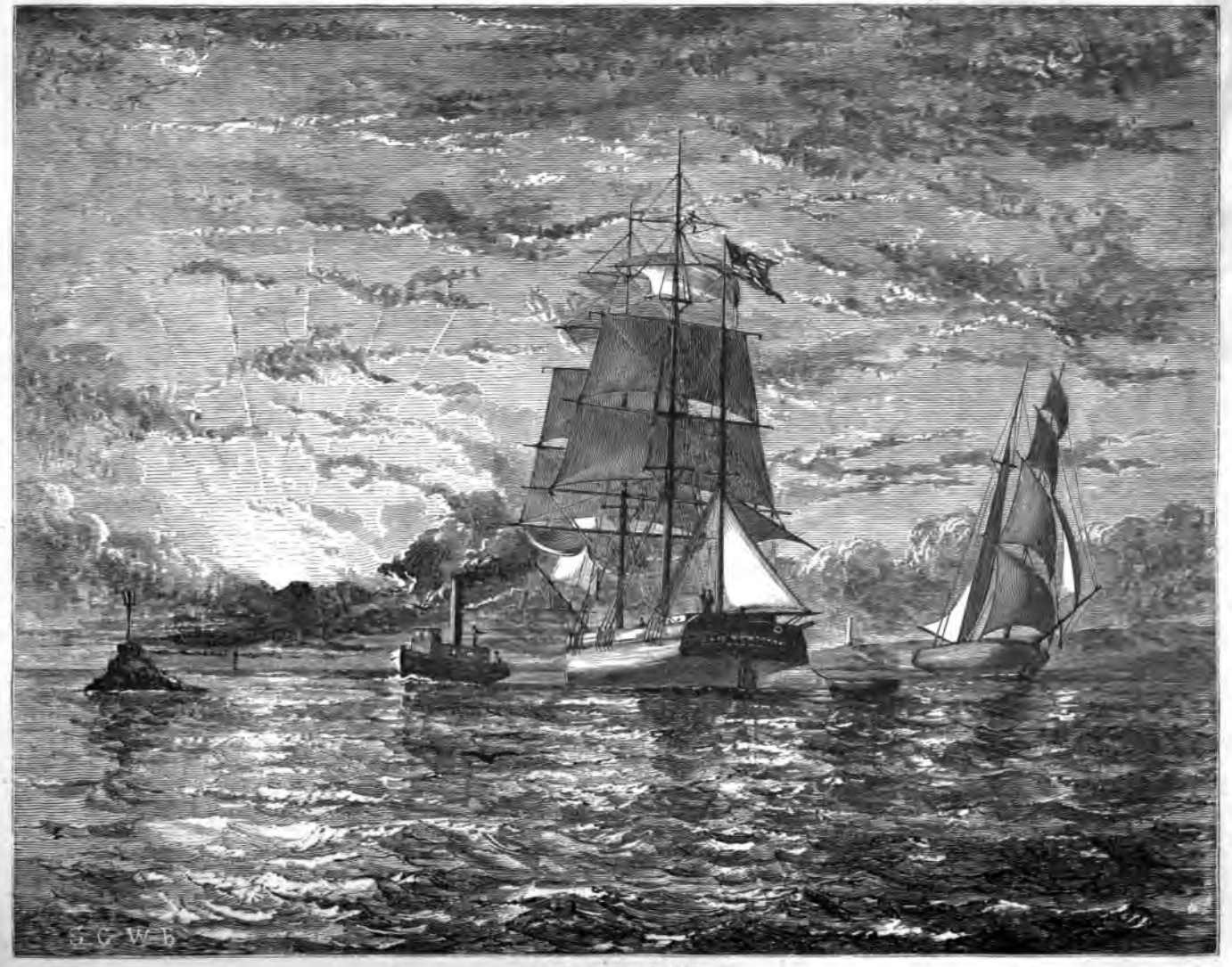
"It 's my Salah," exclaimed Master High Flyer in great excitement, suddenly coming to the point. "O Salah, if you only knew" —

"I know it all, sir," said Salah; and just then the door opened and Master High Flyer could see a little figure in white with bare feet come running across the floor. There was a moment only, for it was Lucy running to Salah, and Master High Flyer cried out, "Dear Salah, say you love me."

"I" —

But Lucy had now taken up Salah.

"You poor little thing, I am afraid you had a lonely night up here," said Lucy, kissing her, while Master High Flyer looked on in anguish. "I came up just as soon as I waked, and you shall come right down-stairs and stay with me, while I am dressing. Oh, let us come to the window-seat first, and see the sun rise." She climbed up into her favorite seat and held Salah up to the window with her back to Master High Flyer. There out of the high window the little



OUTWARD BOUND

girl and her little doll could see a great bark putting out to sea, the tug just leaving her to go on her journey alone, across the great ocean. Lucy looked and wondered about the white winged vessel, and Salah looked and it seemed to her as if she was sailing away, away. Then Lucy clambered down and went toward the door. "Good-morning, Master High Flyer!" said she "I think you might say you did not want Salah to go," and away went Lucy with Salah. Alas! she carried her in front, and though Master High Flyer looked very hard, he could not catch another glimpse of his lovely Salah. The door was shut, and he was left alone in his misery.

As soon as breakfast was over, Nathan and Lucy came up to get the kite to fly it. Nathan looked it all over and pronounced it perfectly dry and strong. He fastened the ball of stout twine to it, and they marched off into the field where they were to raise it. The day was a beautiful one, and there was just enough steady wind to give the kite a good chance, without carrying it up too violently.

"Wait a moment, Nathan," said Lucy. "I want Salah to see it."

"A doll can't see a kite go up," said Nathan; but she had already run off and soon came back with Salah, who now wore a straw hat which was very becoming. Master High Flyer was in agony, for as soon as Lucy appeared with Salah, and before they could even exchange looks, Martin and Nathan began to send him aloft. At first he plunged about, determining to get at Salah; but the wind took him, Nathan was running with the line, and soon he was rising steadily in the air. If he could only have had Salah he would now have been perfectly happy, for it made him feel so free and so excited to rise above the trees, above the house, higher and higher,

till he quite lost sight of Salah, and could hardly see even Martin, who was pretty tall. He could see far off over the sea where the ships were sailing, and he could see nearer by other kites that were flying about him, but he was higher than all of them, — and little boys in the country about were watching him till their necks felt lame.

Nathan was vastly proud of his kite, and now that he had let out all his string, he fastened the end to a stake in the ground, and so securely tethered Master High Flyer.

"Lucy," said he, "we must send a messenger up."

"Why, how, Nathan, and who can you send?"

"Oh, I'll show you; you go and get me a piece of paper and pair of scissors;" and Lucy, leaving Salah on the grass, where she lay reproaching herself for not answering Master High Flyer, ran into the house and brought out an old envelope and a pair of scissors. Nathan cut the back of the envelope round, and another round hole in the middle of the piece, and told Lucy that it was now ready to slip on to the line, for he was not going to cut it but put it on the end of the line, and so let it slip up.

"But there is nothing on it, Nathan," said Lucy. "When it gets to Master High Flyer it will not tell him anything; it must carry a message."

"But a kite can't read, Lucy," said the little boy; "a kite can't read."

"I have thought of something," said she. "Please let me take the messenger a moment, Nathan."

He gave it to her unwillingly, and Lucy scampered off into the house, where her mother was busy getting ready to make some butter.

"Mama!" said she, "we are going to send a messenger to Master High Flyer, and I want you to write the message for him to carry. Here he is," and she produced the little circlet of paper. Mrs. Bodley laughed, and said, —

"Well, Lucy, what shall I write?"

"Write, — 'I love you very much. Salah.'" So her mother took the pencil and wrote round the paper; but being busy, she made a mistake and wrote, — "I love you very much. Lucy." Lucy took the messenger, and ran out to where Nathan was waiting.

"Well," said he, "what has mother written?"

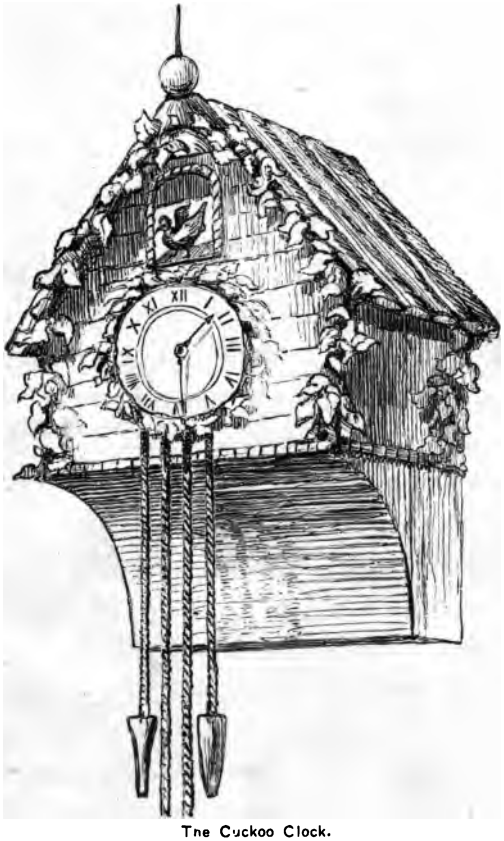
"Oh, she has written a message for Salah, and she says, 'I love you very much,' and that is meant for Master High Flyer."

"I think it's very silly," said wise Nathan; but Salah did not think so, for she heard Lucy and she was at once in high delight; but then she began to think, — "He has gone up so high that he has forgotten all about me. I wish I had spoken out earlier this morning; I should have said what Lucy has written, I rather think — after a while at least."

Nathan slipped the messenger on, and soon it was winding its way up the string, and at last was indeed nearly out of sight. They had got rather tired of staying by the kite now, so they fastened the string to the stake and went off without Salah into the barn, and then when dinner time came, into the house. They came into the dining-room just as the cuckoo came out of his door in the clock to say that it was half-past one. "Cuckoo!" he said, and tipped forward and backward and then shut the door and was safe at home again.

Now let us hear what happened in the air while Nathan and Lucy were away. Salah only remained sitting on the ground at one

end of the string, up which was slowly traveling, spinning round, her messenger, and at the other end Master High Flyer, who was so high up that he could neither see Salah nor the messenger. Indeed he was getting to be very lonely. At first it had seemed a fine thing to be so exalted, but "What is all this," he said, "without Salah?" He struggled to get back to earth again, and switched his long paper tail about. People on the earth thought it very fine, and said, "How gracefully the kite is moving about; it must be very grand to be so high," and even Salah sighed and thought, "He is so proud up there that he does not think of me." How little they knew about it all!



The Cuckoo Clock.

Meanwhile the messenger was making his way upward, and now Master High Flyer caught sight of him, spinning slowly up the line. "Have you any word for me?" he asked eagerly, and looked with all his eyes. But the messenger was too intent on getting to the end of his journey, and, besides, was so dizzy that he could not speak. He came nearer, he was within reading sight of Master

High Flyer's great eyes, but alas! the writing was all underneath.

"What! have you nothing at all?" exclaimed Master High Flyer in despair, when just then the leaf turned up and he caught sight of "I" — He leaned, struggled toward the messenger — snap! went the string, down tumbled the long line with the messenger on the tip end, away flew Master High Flyer, plunging about in the most furious manner!

He was determined now to get back to Salah, but alas! the wind carried him about vexatiously. "If it were not for my long paper tail," he cried angrily, "I could go where I like." He was, however, gradually descending, though it gave him a headache to turn so many somersaults, sometimes driving headlong down in a frightful manner, and then whisking up as if he were going back to the sky.

At length, when he was feeling quite exhausted, and was panting for the free air which he had been breathing above, Master High Flyer suddenly found himself stopped. He was in an apple-tree, leaning against a stout branch and standing upon one still stouter, while his paper tail, much bruised, was hanging wearedly over a little twig behind. He had reached the end of his fall, but his condition was more hopeless than before. The green leaves were about him, and he seemed quite hidden from sight. And what was written on the paper? That was gone and he could not know. Was it not a sad ending?

What was the amazement of Nathan and Lucy when they came into the field after dinner and found Salah indeed at her post, but the kite gone, and the string fallen on the ground.

"O Lucy, Lucy," said Nathan, "the kite has broken the string!"

"Perhaps Salah knows about it," said she.

"But a doll can't tell!" said Nathan. Salah did know something about it; she had seen Master High Flyer break loose, and then she had cried so hard that she did not see the rest, and now she tried to tell, but she could not. The children took her with them, however, as they untied the string from the stake, and began to wind it, keeping watch all the while for Master High Flyer. When they had reached the end of the line, they looked all about them.

"Where is the messenger?" asked Lucy. "I hope it reached Master High Flyer."

"It is not here, at any rate," said Nathan. Was it not? Only one could have told where it was, and yet it was not far off. The mole knew; he had dragged it into his hole, and there, where it was nice and dark, he was reading it by the light of his wife's eyes.

"Where did you get this?" said she, sharply. "My name is not Lucy."

"No matter," said he; for he thought it was meant for him. So they began to quarrel, and the end was that the mole lived at one end of his long hole and his wife at the other for nearly a week.

The children wandered about with Salah in the orchard, and finally laying Salah on the grass, went off and began to pick up what they called lemons, but the juice seemed to have turned to ashes. They heard the horn sound in the distance. It was a long tin horn which Martin used to sound whenever he was going off in the cart, so that the children might hear and have a jouncing ride with him. Away they ran, throwing away their lemons, and only afraid lest they should be too late to catch Martin.

Now Salah was left alone, but she was lying on her back and look-

ing up into a tree. The more she looked the more sure she was that she saw Master High Flyer in the branches. It did not seem possible, for she supposed he had flown away into the sky. She did not know what to do. Should she speak first? She wondered if the messenger had reached Master High Flyer. She finally thought she would cough.

"What!" came a voice from the branches. "Oh, cough again!" but Salah kept quiet.

"Dear, dear!" said Master High Flyer sadly, for it was indeed he, "I thought I heard my dear Salah, but I must give all up, I see, and rot here among the branches."

"Can he have got the message or no?" thought Salah, but she was so perplexed about it that she did not notice that she had said it aloud.

"The message!" cried Master High Flyer. "Then you did send it! and you said what I wanted you to, and now you are there! O Salah!"

"Well," said Salah, as composed as she could, "yes, I am here."

"But come up! come up!" said he, impatiently. "I cannot see you."

"Oh, you come down," said she; but just then a breath of wind made Master High Flyer lean forward a little, and they saw each other fully, and he was so woe-begone with his hard flight that Salah could keep back no longer, and she cried, —

"Dear High, I wish I could get to you."

How glad she was then when Kitty came scampering up through the grass. It was Lucy's kitty, who had often played with Salah, and now began capering about.

"Do, dear Kitty," take me up into the tree."

"Into the tree? Well, I will, but you will be better off down here, I assure you What is there in the tree?" But Kitty took her up by the waist and went nimbly up the tree. "Here we are," said she; "why, I do believe here is Master High Flyer — oho! you knew that, Miss Salah," said Kitty, mischievously, and bounded down again.

And there was Salah at last with Master High Flyer, and the leaves grew about them so thick that they were not seen all the summer long, but lived together in the boughs and looked at each other and told stories, beginning with when they were born. The autumn came, and when the leaves dropped off, there was Master High Flyer still, but he had withered down to two sticks and a bit of twine; and Salah was there too, and she was old and ragged and pinched in her face; but they still sat with one another and never knew that they were grown old, for they were eternally talking about the days when they were young.

CHATPER VII.

PROFESSOR WISE.

THE children had been going to school every day all this time, but as June came to an end, they began to talk busily of what they should do in vacation. Only a few days more, and vacation would come to last for eight weeks. Vacation usually lasted six weeks, but this year the school-house was to be enlarged, and that would take time, so two weeks were added to vacation. What a grand hurrah and scamper there was when the last day of school came.

SCHOOL'S OUT.

There was a hill near the school-house, covered with green grass, and down this the children all rushed, some of them tumbling down, and one venturesome little girl rolled over and over. They all came to a sudden stop at the low stone-wall at the bottom of the hill.

Nathan, Phippy, and Lucy, ran home quite out of breath.

"Hurrah!" cried Nathan, "no more school for me. I 'm going to work on the farm now," and he stalked grandly about.

"Martin!" said he, "I can help you a good deal now the next eight weeks. I shan't go to school again. I suppose we shall have to get in another crop of hay before long," and he stood with his hands behind him and looked out on the lawn, while Martin was rubbing down Mr. Bottom who had just come in from drawing the carryall.

"I would n't say that too loud so 's Mr. Bottom can hear," said Martin. "He does n't like drawing the hay cart."

"Do you suppose he can hear?" asked Nathan.

"Well, Hen used to say, that our horse could laugh. He used to put his head out of the window and grin at us."

"I guess I 'll feed my pig," said Nathan, who could always do that when there was nothing else to do. He went to the house and found his mother in the wood-shed, with a long apron on, moving about with pans and dishes.

"Is it ice-cream?" asked Nathan, eagerly. May I turn the freezer?"

"Yes, it 's ice-cream," said she, "and you can see if you can make it come in five minutes." Mrs. Bodley brought out some salt and ice, and packed the wooden case round the tin can that held the custard, and Nathan took hold of the handle and began to turn briskly. Pretty soon Phippy and Lucy came.

"Is it coming, Thanny?" asked Phippy, with great interest. "Does it go hard?"

"Pretty soon," said Nathan, turning away, industriously.

"Let's open the cover and look in," said Phippy. "No, I would n't though, the salt will get in. Here, let me take hold," and she stood and tried to turn with Nathan.

"Are you going to make it round?" asked Lucy. "I thought it came out in little monuments."

"We make it round first," said Phippy, who never was at a loss for an answer. "Seems to me it 's growing harder, Nathan. See how black my hands are."

"That 's the lead," said he, "off the handle. It 's poisonous."

"Then I 'll go right away and wash it off," said she, in alarm.

"I wonder where mother is," said Nathan, presently. "I think there 's something wrong about this ice-cream. I suppose I must have been turning here as much as quarter of an hour. Lucy, I wish you 'd see if you can find mother."

"I 'm right here, Thanny," said his mother from the kitchen. "Turn away, patiently. You 've only turned four minutes." Nathan kept on for some time longer, while Lucy went off to find Phippy.

"Mother!" he called, faintly, but she did not answer. "I wonder if I can stop now. It 's getting harder. I suppose it would all go back again though if I did stop. Mother! I wonder if they make ice-cream in the shops so," he went on to himself. "It must be an awful kind of a store to keep."

"Well, Nathan," said his mother coming in and finding him sitting before the freezer, "has it come yet?"

"Oh, mother, it 's never going to come," said he, disconsolately, "and I think the pig ought to be fed."

"Well, I am through with my work," said she, "and I'll turn it till it comes. You can find the children and feed the pig, if you want to." Presently she heard them marching along, and coming through the shed.

"Where are you going?" she asked, as Nathan, heading the procession, led them through the shed, holding an umbrella under his arm.

"I'm the great Professor Wise," said Nathan, making a low bow, "and I'm going up in a balloon, and coming down in a parachute. These are my neighbors, ma'am, who wish to see me go up, tum ti tum, tum, tum ti, tum tum," and off they marched.

"I don't see your balloon, Nathan," said Lucy, who was walking gravely behind.

"Oh, we'll make believe about the balloon," said he; "it's going to get caught on top of the stone-wall, and I'm coming down in a parachute. Here, Phippy, you take the umbrella, the parachute I mean, while I climb up here." So he climbed up to the top of the wall. "Now hand me the parachute, little girl," said he, and he opened it carefully. "Now you'll see the great Professor Wise who has reached the extraordinary altitude of three thousand feet, come down without harm," and so saying he held the umbrella over his head and jumped off the wall.

"How does it feel, Nathan," asked Phippy, who was eager to try it herself.

"It feels like flying," said Nathan, waving his arm. "I will now proceed to jump off the barn."

"Oh, you must n't, Nathan," said Lucy. "You can't."

"I will first alight from the pig-house," said Professor Wise, marching in that direction with his umbrella, the children following

him. It was not very difficult to climb upon the fence and then upon the roof, where cleats had been nailed, and Nathan now stood proudly, waving his umbrella, on the ridge.

"Oh, you must n't," screamed Lucy.

"I want to try," said Phippy. But Nathan waved her off.

"Children," said he, "the day is not favorable for an ascension, and Professor Wise gives notice that to-morrow at the same hour, he will go up in his balloon, admission twenty-five cents, children half price. Here, Phip, take the umbrella," and he lowered it and let it drop point downward to the ground. The fact was, matters looked differently to Professor Wise, when he was actually on top of the pig-house, though he had long planned to jump off the top with the parachute. Now it happened, as he began to come down the roof, backward, one of the cleats gave way under his foot, — he was on his hands and feet, with his back arched like a tomcat's, and he began to slip, slip over the hot shingles and could find nothing to catch by. Lucy ran crying to her mother, and Phippy called out, —

"Catch hold of a cleat, Nathan," but Nathan was frightened, and the end was that over the edge he went, and came down with a pretty bad tumble upon the ground.

"Oh, I 've broken my leg," said he, piteously, and began to wail.

"Where, where!" said his sister, and at this moment Mrs. Bodley came running out, followed by Lucy in tears. Nathan sobbed louder than ever when he saw his mother. She began to raise him, but he screamed with pain.

"Call Martin, Philippa," said she; and Martin presently came.

"I think Nathan has sprained his ankle, Martin," said she. "I am not strong enough to lift him. Please take him up carefully by his shoulders and thigh, and bring him into the house." Martin

took the little fellow up tenderly, and the little procession, which had followed Professor Wise so gayly, now returned, mourning, with him. He was carried up-stairs, and put to bed. His ankle was badly swollen, but his mother knew how to treat it, and she bathed it and put on a liniment, and soon he dropped asleep.

When he awoke, it was to see little Lucy standing before him with a plate of ice-cream in her hand.

"Did it come?" he asked, dreamily. "My head aches. I think I should like some ice-cream." Lucy handed it to him, timidly, and he ate it with great relish, and then lay back and half closed his eyes.

"I suppose I shall have to have a crutch, Lucy," said he. Phippy and her mother were in the doorway, watching.

"O Nathan, you shall have my stilts," said Phippy.

"Hush," said Mrs. Bodley. "Don't talk to Nathan now. He is tired and wants to sleep," so she sent the children away to play, while she sat down beside him, and gently smoothed his forehead. Phippy and Lucy went off sorrowfully.

"I suppose we shall have to draw Nathan about in a cart," said Phippy.

"Perhaps we can teach Nep," said Lucy. Nep was the big Newfoundland dog.

"Lucy, you're a jewel. We will teach Nep," said Phippy. "Let's go and ask Martin this very minute.

When Mr. Bodley came home at night, he heard the story, and was very sorry for poor Nathan.

"This is the first day of my vacation, papa," said the little boy in a melancholy tone. "I suppose I shall have to stay here over Fourth of July."

"You will have to keep very quiet, my boy," said his father, "but if you do as mama tells you, and keep your foot very still, I hope that before the vacation is over, you will be running about as usual. Now see how brave you can be these hot days."

"I hope Martin will feed my pig regularly," said Nathan in a resigned tone. "I think I should be quite happy if I thought my pig was fed regularly."

"I 'll see that Martin feeds him. He shall have a special nice dinner every day. I suppose he did not know what to make of it when he heard his master on the top of his house."

"Did you ever sprain your ankle, papa?"

"Yes, I sprained it once very badly when I was traveling with your mama in Europe, and I remember one day when I was wheeled about in a chair on wheels that I saw a sight that interested me very much, because it made me think how very useful legs are. Which would you rather do without, Nathan, arms or legs?"

"I think I 'd rather have my legs," said Nathan, "for then I could run about," and he looked ruefully down at his bandaged ankle.

"But you could n't take hold of anything, or even feed yourself, if you had no arms," said his father, "and you could not write or use a pencil or draw. Do you think you could draw with your toes?"

"Why, no," said Nathan. "I don't suppose I could hold the pencil."

"Well, one day when I was in Antwerp, wheeled about as I said in my little wheel-chair, your mother and I came into a room, where people were hard at work with brushes and colors, copying pictures and painting; and there among them was a man without arms, sitting in a chair, before an easel, one leg thrown over the other, and

a brush held between two toes. He was painting, and there he came every day and painted pictures. It made me think how much one could do, if he really had a mind to do it, even if he had no arms. I have heard of another man too, who had neither the use of his arms nor his legs and used to paint, holding a brush between his teeth. But here comes mama with your bowl of blueberries and cream." Nathan was soon eating his supper with a great relish.

The Armless Painter.

"I suppose you and father will have to tell me a great many stories now," said he, between two mouthfuls.

"I suppose you will amuse yourself a good deal with books, and pencils, and toys," said his mother.

"I think I should like to hear about 'Bumble-Bug and Bumble-Bee,' said Nathan, after his mother had tucked him into bed. He lay there, folding his hands over his breast, as he always did when he went to sleep, and looked very patient, and also as if he meant to have a very pleasant time listening to stories.

"Do you really want to hear about Bumble-Bug?" said his mother. "You have heard it a great many times."

"Yes 'm," said he, meekly. "I should like to hear about Bumble-Bug, if you would just as lieve tell it." So Mrs. Bodley sat down and told him for the hundredth time

THE FAMOUS BATTLE OF BUMBLE-BUG AND BUMBLE-BEE.

Bumble-Bug and Bumble-Bee
  Agreed to fight a battle;
For Bumble-Bug said Bumble-Bee
  Had lighted on his apple.
So Bumble-Bug to Bumble-Bee
  Cried out, "Come, sir, right down,
Or I will take you on my horns,
  And toss you out of town."

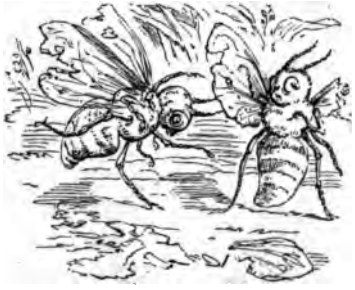
But Bumble-Bee told Bumble-Bug
  Apples were his to eat;
And bade the Buggy get away,
  With all his ugly feet.
Then Bumble-Bug began to swell,
  And Bumble-Bee to buzz,
And soon they had their little heads
  All in a little fuzz:

And Bumble-Bug began to climb
The apple round and red,
And as he went a-bugging up,
To Bumble-Bee he said:
"I 'll show, you, sir, old Bumble-Bee,
Whose apple you are eating;
I 'll push you off upon the ground,
And give you, sir, a beating."

Then Bumble-Bug and Bumble-Bee
Begin their famous battle,
And soon both tumble headlong down
From off the big round apple.
But Bumble-Bug soon scrabbles up,
And opens wide his eyes;
And Bumble-Bee shakes out his wings,
And at Sir Buggy flies.

The Bumble-Bug tried hard to scratch,
The Bumble-Bee to sting;
The Bee put out the Buggy's eye,
The Bug tore off Bee's wing.

Then Bumble-Bug and Bumble-Bee
Each took a little rest;
Sir Bug laid down upon his back,
Sir Bee upon his breast.

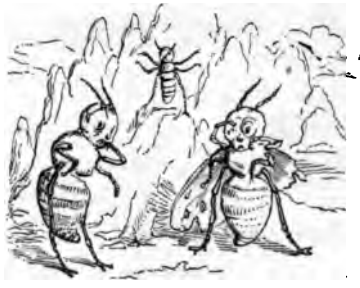


"Come, Bumble-Bug," said Bumble-Bee,
"Let's talk this matter over,
As we are resting here a bit,
Under this shady clover."
"'T was all your fault!" cried Bumble-Bug;
"'T was yours!" buzzed Bumble-Bee;
"I found the apple first," said Bug,
"Under the apple-tree."

"Ah, ha! ah, ha!" cried Bumbe-Bee.
"Just like a great black Bug!

I'll warrant you from out the ground
  Your dinners oft have dug;
But I — *I* found the apple,
  Up in the apple-tree;
I get my dinners clean and sweet,
  I am a Bumble-Bee."

Then Bumble-Bug said he 'd get up,
  And kill the Bee outright;
And Bumble-Bee began to buzz,
  All ready for the fight.
Oh 't was a fearful sight to see,
  As Bug with lifted horns,
Went dash with all his might at Bee,
  With great, black, shining horns!



Just then a tiny Ant spoke out,
  From off her little hill,
And said: "Alas, most noble sirs,
  My heart with grief you fill.
To see a Bumble-Bee and Bug,
  As like as any brothers,
Go scratch and sting, at eye and wing,
  Till each has spoiled the other's!

"The apple, big and red and round,
Is, sure, enough for all;
'T would last a little Ant like me
The summer and the fall.
There Bumble-Bee could sip the juice,
While Buggy nibbed the skin,
And I, with hundred other Ants,
Could tid-bit out and in.

"'T is yours, 't is mine; behold how fair,
With wealth for each, untold —
This rounded sphere of juicy pulp,
This rind of red and gold!
How pleasant, too, as we have read,
How good a thing 't would be,
Together as a family
To dwell in unity."

Then Bumble-Bug and Bumble-Bee
Were very much ashamed,
While thus the quiet little Ant
Their wicked conduct blamed;
And tears stood in that flashing eye,
Down drooped that vaunting wing,
As each pledged each to never more
Do such a naughty thing.

But not the tear in Buggy's eye,
Nor Bumble's drooping wing,
Can take from out their little hearts
Remembered scratch and sting.
And ever, when they meet again,
On pretty fruit or flower,
They think, with still repenting hearts,
Upon that battle hour.

When Mrs. Bodley had finished, Nathan was fast asleep. She kissed him gently, and went out softly from the room. Phippy and Lucy were in their father's lap upon the front door-steps.

"O mother," said Phippy, eagerly, "papa is going to get a harness for Nep, and is going to harness him in the little cart, and when Nathan gets better, Nep will drag him over hill and dale."

"Most likely," said she, laughing. "He will drag him anywhere but over the road."

"We 'll teach him," said Mr. Bodley. "Nep is a bright dog. Here, Nep, get my paper. Go, old dog." Nep heard this order, and jumped up from the grass where he was lying, and trotted down the shady avenue. At the end of the avenue was a wooden box with a lid to it, and the boy who brought the evening newspaper had been told to put it in this box, so that he need not come away up to the house. Nep trotted up to the box, put his fore paws on the wall

near by, raised the lid with his nose, put his head inside, seized the paper with his teeth, and came running back to the house with it, and laid it at Mr. Bodley's feet.

"Good dog," said he, patting him on his head. "Good dog," and Nep wagged his tail, and looked very much pleased. Then the little girls went to bed.

CHAPTER VIII.

THIRD OF JULY.

NATHAN'S ankle grew well and strong but slowly, and it was pretty hard for him to keep quiet in the long, bright vacation days. He played with Mouse Castle a good deal, and the two little mice came to know him very well, and would eat crumbs out of his hand, running down the little ladder and upon his hand, which he held at the foot of the ladder. Mouse Castle was not kept in his bedroom, but he used to feed the little fellows every morning as soon as he was dressed, and before he had his own breakfast. What was his astonishment one morning, when he came to lift off the roof and look into the bed-room, to see snugly stowed away in the cotton bed a little plain brown mouse, that had found out this castle in the night-time, and after trying to get at the little white people that lived in it, had gnawed a hole under the eaves and so crept in. The children were all called to see him, and the hole where he entered stopped up, but the little fellow was very wild and went dashing about the castle, scampering about for a place to escape, while his white brethren frisked about quietly, hardly knowing what to make of such a pother.

Lucy made up a story about the stranger knight that was wandering in the woods, and came at night to the castle where he was admitted and found two princesses, and was so much in love with them both that he thought he was bewitched, and wanted to escape; and escape he did one day, Nathan having vainly tried to tame him. He gnawed another hole and so crept out, and never came back again. Nathan amused himself with his books and playthings, but a week had not passed before it seemed to him that he had been laid up all summer. His father used to carry him in his arms out of doors and take him to drive, but he was not yet able to walk about, and though Nep was learning to drag the wagon tolerably well, it was hardly safe to trust him with a little boy whose ankle was sprained. Fourth of July was coming, and it seemed to Nathan as if he could not bear it.

"You will have to play that you are a soldier, wounded in the battle of Bunker Hill," said his father, "and that you are bravely staying at home quietly, so as to be able to join your regiment all the sooner."

"Well, I will!" said Nathan, brightening up, and on the afternoon before the Fourth, Mr. Bodley took all the children to drive, to show them some of the scenes which had been famous in the War of Revolution. It was a cool, pleasant afternoon, and Mr. Bottom jogged contentedly along.

"Do you suppose Mr. Bottom was ever in the war?" asked Phippy.

"No, Mr. Bottom lived peacefully in the Green Mountains before he came to us."

"Hen was in the army, Martin says," said Nathan.

"Seems to me Hen has been everywhere and done everything," said Phippy.

"It 's the Mexican war he was in," said Nathan. "He could n't have been in the Revolutionary War."

"No," said Mr. Bodley, "Hen is too young for that. Your uncle was in the War of 1812, and your grandfather in the Revolutionary War."

"I know," said Nathan, eagerly, "he was in the battle of Bunker Hill where I was wounded."

"Oh see," said Lucy, "look at those boys sailing a boat in a trough just like ours. They 've got a sword, and a gun, and a drum."

"Yes," said Mrs. Bodley, "and they are dressed, one in a navy suit and one in an army suit." Mr. Bodley stopped the carriage a moment in the road, near the boys. Their mother was watching them from the window of their house near by.

"Good afternoon, boys," said Mr. Bodley. "That 's a nice little sloop of war you have there."

"Yes, sir," said one of the boys, "she 's not got her troops on board yet, but when she 's all loaded and the troops are on board, we 're going to send her to cruise up and down the coast to look out for pirates."

"Three cheers for our Army and Navy," said Mr. Bodley, and Nathan, and Phippy, and Lucy, and Mrs. Bodley, too, all joined in three merry cheers which the boys returned swinging their caps, as the carriage drove away. Their way led through Cambridge, and they drove by the old elm-tree, and stopped in front of it.

"Here," said Mr. Bodley, "was where General Washington took command of the American army on this very July 3d, let me see, fifty, twenty-five, yes, seventy-five years ago to-day. You know, Nathan, he was from Virginia, and as most of the soldiers were here

OUR ARMY AND NAVY.

trying to prevent the British from coming out of Boston, they wanted a good general to take command, and the leaders of the people chose General Washington, and under this tree he stood, and the soldiers saw him, and after that they were the American army under General Washington. Do you see that old building?" and he pointed out one of the red brick college buildings. "That is Massachusetts Hall. There were not nearly as many college buildings here then; the soldiers were all camped out on the common right by us here, and in other places around here, and it was rather hard to keep the students at work, so they were sent up to Concord to study, and the soldiers took possession of the students' rooms. That window where you see those red curtains looks out of the room that your grandfather occupied when he was a soldier here. Now we are going down the road," said he, as they turned down Kirkland Street, "which the soldiers took when they set out to build a fort on Bunker Hill in Charlestown, the 16th of June, 1775."

"The 17th of June, papa," said Nathan. "The battle of Bunker Hill was on the 17th of June."

"Yes, the battle was on the 17th, but the soldiers marched from Cambridge the night before, and it was because the British found them the next morning behind the fort which they built in the night, that they came over from Boston and fought them. Did you see that old house we just passed? That was where General Ward, who was in command of the Massachusetts troops at that time, had his head-quarters. The soldiers all drew up before the house, and Mr. Langdon, who was President of Harvard College then, stood on the steps of the house, and prayed with them, and then Colonel Prescott started off at their head, and led them down this road. It was nine o'clock at night when they started."

"Why did they march in the night?" asked Phippy, surprised. "I should n't think they could have seen to march in the dark."

"Oh, yes, they knew the way, and did not want the British to see them. There were about twelve hundred of them, and besides their muskets, they carried pick-axes and shovels with them."

"Well, I should n't think any one could miss who tried to hit the enemy with a shovel," said Nathan, "but I don't think I should like to have been hit with a pick-axe."

"Oh, their shovels and pick-axes were for digging up the earth so that they could make a fort, and stand behind it when they fired with their guns," said his father. They drove on by the old road, and so into Charlestown and to the hill where the monument stood. The children had been up the monument before, and as Nathan could not go up now, they did not get out of the carriage, but sat in it, looking out over the water and the shipping, and over to Boston opposite.

"Just see how near Boston is," said Mr. Bodley, "but you know it was not nearly so big a place then. While the soldiers were digging their fort here on the hill, there was a guard down by the shore to keep watch. There was no bridge then, but a ferry, and as this guard stood there, they could hear the watch on the British men-of-war singing out 'All 's well,' as every hour they took turns in watching. The watch did not hear the men digging, but when morning came, and they looked over toward Charlestown, there on the hill, right where we stand, they saw the earth thrown up so as to make a wall, and they saw the soldiers behind it, and knew that if they could get cannon there and fire them off, Boston would not be a safe place for the British army to stay in."

"Then did they come over and drive our men away?" asked Nathan.

"Yes, they came over in the afternoon with boat-loads of men and guns, and here the battle of Bunker Hill was fought, and our men were driven out of the fort and had to go back to Cambridge."

"But, seems to me it was n't much of a battle if we were beaten," said Nathan.

"We were farmers and country people who knew how to fire guns, but had not been trained regularly as the British soldiers had; but the chief trouble was that we had n't powder enough. But our soldiers were brave, and fought hard even after they had used up their powder, and showed that they were willing to go into great danger to defend their country, and that was what made the battle a great one. People had not been quite sure whether there would be fighting or not, and whether the Americans would stand together and really meant what they said, but the battle of Bunker Hill showed that they were determined and brave men, and thought less about themselves than they did about their country, and so we celebrate the battle every year, even though we were beaten off the field."

"Here was where I was wounded," said Nathan, who had not forgotten that he was making believe he had been in the battle.

"Let 's carry him off," said Phippy. "O my brother, my brother, you fought for me, and my hearth, and Lucy. You shall have some cherries when I get you safe home."

"Why not go round by Faneuil Hall," said Mrs. Bodley.

"I mean to do that," said the father, as he drove over the bridge, stopping to pay toll. "We 'll have a patriotic afternoon." So they drove to Faneuil Hall.

"What makes you call it funny Hall?" asked Lucy. "I don't think it looks very funny."

"Funn'l Hall, Lucy," said her mother. "It was named after Mr. Peter Faneuil, who built it and gave it to the town."

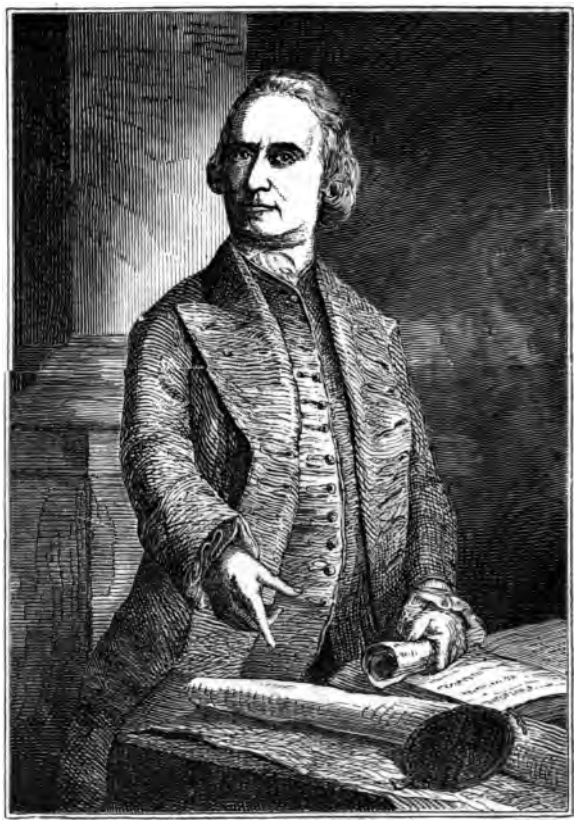
"It is bigger now than when he gave it," said Mr. Bodley. "I have a picture at home which I will show you this evening, that will give you an idea of how it looked in the Revolutionary War. Here the people used to gather, for it was their town-hall, and ever since

Faneuil Hall as it was.

it has been the place where great meetings have been held, and great speeches made." The family all went inside and looked at the pictures, but they were most of them portraits that did not interest them very much. They were rather more interested in the market beneath, with the bushels of eggs and firkins of butter crowding the sidewalks even.

"It must take a great many hens to lay all these eggs," said Phippy.

"Yes," said Nathan. "I suppose they have to lay them all at once too; only think of it! thousands of hens laying eggs all at once," and he looked very solemn, remembering their own hens and how few eggs they got from them. On their way out of town, as they jogged along, they suddenly heard music.



Portrait of Samuel Adams the Patriot, in Faneuil Hall.

"Oh, here 's a band!" said Lucy. "Do let 's stop." So they stopped the carriage and looked at the band of German musicians who were playing in the street. It was rather a poor part of the city that they were going through, and men, women, and children were on the door-steps and at the windows, or gathered about the musicians in the street. The men had pipes in their mouths, but they all looked as if they enjoyed the music. One little girl about Lucy's age, in a big sun-bonnet, held a rag doll in her arms, and was so interested that she did not notice how she was holding the doll, and it surely must have had a headache, for its head was hanging down so. The musicians themselves were blowing at their

instruments in the most business-like way. One big fellow found his so heavy that he had to rest it on a hydrant. He had a pipe sticking out of his coat-pocket, and looked as if he should enjoy it very much when he was through with his work. The family stayed to hear one tune through, and then Lucy, holding some money in her hand, timidly called to one old fellow in spectacles who had been playing in a lonely fashion almost by himself, and they drove on, while the musicians marched off to play somewhere else.

"I wish I could see that little girl again with the organ — Lisa," said Lucy. "I wish she would come out to see us." But though they saw a hand-organ, it was not Lisa's father who carried it, and there was no Lisa and no monkey. It was not long before they were home again, and Nathan had been lifted out and placed on a cushion in the front doorway, the children's favorite place, where they could see the Jersey cow feeding on the lawn and could look off upon the pretty country.

"Won't you give us a story before tea, mama?" asked Phippy. "We are all here, and Nathan will have to be carried up pretty soon."

"Well, what shall it be? Harry O'Hum or Bumble-Bug?"

"Oh, Harry O'Hum," cried Phippy. "That 's a first-rate story." So Mrs. Bodley sat down on the door-step and told them the story of

HARRY O'HUM BOTH SIDES OF HIS DRUM.

When Harry O'Hum
First belted a drum,
It was one that his father had bought him;
And the tunes that he played,
And the racket he made,
Were such as the muster-days taught him.

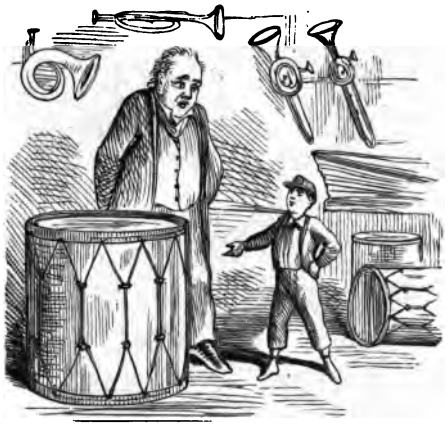
STREET MUSICIANS.

And a brave little drum
Was this "Trim-i-te-trum,"
Right merrily answering every call,
As it went up the street
To a march or retreat,
With Harry behind it, so straight and so small.

And boys that were taller,
And boys that were smaller,
With geese racing off, and dogs racing after,
Were up and a-coming,
When Harry, a-drumming,
Went out for a bedlam of frolic and laughter.

Then the neighbors would say,
"Just hear that child play!
It beats all, I declare! I could listen all summer."
And all about town,
And the towns up and down,
Little Harry was known as the Wonderful Drummer.

Oh these were the days
Of the beautiful plays,
When Harry to greatness was likely to come;
Since the way to be great
Is to work and to wait,
And to keep yourself always right side of your drum.



'T was a pity that Harry
Had not heard of poor Barry, —
How he came to his end with a horse and a gun;
For he longed to be bigger,
And to cut a great figure,
And to do, all at once, what had never been done.

So, all by himself,
And sly as an elf,
He found him the largest drum ever was seen;
'T was as big as a barrel, —
As a very large barrel, —
So large that the shopman asked, "What do you mean?"

"Of course, sir," said Harry,
"This drum I can't carry;
But just, sir, to take the whole town by surprise,
I shall stand up inside,
And drum as I ride,
And so be the wonder of all who have eyes."

And scarce was it said
When, with feet, hands, and head,
Plumped into its depths our hero lay;
In came a stout man,
His face brown as tan,
And bought the big drum and took it away!

And Harry was right;
For, long before night,
The town was astir with a wondrous surprise:
All the bells of the steeple,
All the shouts of the people,
In search of a boy who was lost from their eyes.

But Harry the Drummer
Came no more to the summer, —
No more to the campus of rollicking boys;
But, instead, an old fellow
With a voice like a bellow,
And a drum that he banged with tremendous noise.

Then the neighbors would say,
"Just hear that man play!
It beats all, I declare! I can't bear it a minute.
What on earth is the matter?
One would think, by the clatter,
That the very Old Harry and all were in it!"

Alas, not *Old* Harry,
But Harry, young Harry!
Nothing left but the "drumsticks," of Harry O'Hum:
Not to walk up the street,
But to beat, beat, beat,
Because they are now the wrong side of his drum.

"Trim-i-te-trum," cried Phippy, clapping her hands. "Mother, I wish we had a drum."

"So do not I," said she. "You shall have drumsticks when we have chickens for dinner, but I would rather hear your merry voices, than have you go about pounding on sheep-skin."

CHAPTER IX.

FOURTH OF JULY.

EVEN at Roseland the firing of guns and ringing of bells could be heard Fourth of July morning. The children were up at day-break, but poor Nathan was not allowed to leave his bed, and he groaned to himself as he heard the popping of crackers and cracking of torpedoes outside, for Phippy, who had been furnished with a bunch of crackers, could not wait until after breakfast, but fired them off one by one until not a single one was left, except a precious "double-header" which she was saving for a special explosion; and Lucy, though she was a little frightened, could not help trying a few torpedoes, since they did not burst or explode, unless she threw them away from her. Nothing could induce her to fire off a cracker, however.

"Well, Phippy," said her father at breakfast, "I suppose you are going to have a grand time firing off your crackers to-day."

"She 's fired them all off," said Lucy.

"What! already?"

"Oh, I've got my double-header left," said Philippa, bravely. "I have n't fired that off yet."

"I've saved my bunch," said Nathan, rather dolefully. "I suppose I shall have to fire them off sitting down."

"Now, what do you say, children," said Mr. Bodley, "to our having a picnic this morning in the woods?" Nathan burst into tears. "Oh, you shall go, Thanny, if the rest of us do," said his father. "If your mother says we may go, we will all go to May's Woods this morning, and carry our dinner with us, and will find a way of

getting Nathan there." Mrs. Bodley was as willing as any one, so after breakfast they all set about getting things in readiness for their picnic. They filled the ice-cream freezer with milk, and packed it with ice and salt, so that though they could not have ice-cream, they could have good, cool milk; then they cut thin slices of bread, and buttered them — Mr. Bodley did this, and he nicked one or two slices which he had buttered rather more heavily than the rest, so as to know them when they had their lunch, and he could give them to Nathan who dearly loved to have his butter well laid on. They had some potatoes, too, and some baking apples, for they meant to have a little fire in the woods, though Mr. Bodley had kept this a secret. There was a cold chicken in the basket. It had been cooked the day before, much to the children's astonishment, who thought it remarkably fortunate. The fact was, their father and mother had thought of the picnic two or three days before, and had planned the surprise.

Then they set out for the woods. Martin was obliged to stay behind and keep watch of the house and premises, but Nep went with them, and kept his eye on the basket, and his nose, too, sometimes. And how did Nathan go? Oh, Nathan went in the little cart, and it was big enough, not only to hold him, but to hold the basket of goodies. Nep had dragged the cart, but as he did not always keep to the road and sometimes tumbled the cart into the ditch, it was thought best not to have him drag Nathan and the basket. It would have been unfortunate to tip poor Nathan over; and to tip the basket over! that would have been unfortunate, too.

May's Woods were beyond the pasture. There was a strip of woodland first, called Long's Woods, and after passing through that they came to a stone-wall over which they climbed, and then by a

pleasant path into May's Woods and so to May's Pond, which was a little sheet of water which had once been walled in, but except in very dry weather usually overflowed its boundaries, and in winter made a capital skating-pond. The place was not much visited, and the Bodleys found a shady place not far from the pond, where they proceeded to encamp. The little cart was drawn up on one side under a tree, and the basket left in it. They spread shawls and there Nathan sat, and the rest did not wander far away. Nathan amused himself by sending Nep into the pond, but as soon as Nep came out, the rest would call him off into the woods, for Nathan of course could not run, and it was no great fun to have the big Newfoundland dog shake himself, down to a final wriggle of his tail, within two or three feet of where the little boy sat.

"I think this will be a good time now to fire off my double-header," said Phippy.

"Oh no, Phippy," said Nathan, "let 's keep it and fire it off for a noon gun. I 'll fire off some of my crackers now."

"Well," said she, glad to keep the double-header a little longer, "I 'll help you fire off the crackers," and they fired and fired, until not a cracker was left.

"They 're all gone," said Phippy, "now for my double-header."

"Oh no, wait, Phippy. Please wait."

"Well," said she. At this moment back came the others, who had been walking about and gathering flowers near by, wood violets, and anemones, and late columbines.

"Are all your crackers gone, Nathan?" asked his father. "I heard a prodigious cannonading."

"They 're all gone," said Phippy, "but my double-header. Would you like to hear that?"

"Why don't you keep it, Phippy," said her mother, "as a gun to call us to dinner, when the time comes."

"Well, I will. Is n't it 'most time for dinner? I begin to feel hungry."

"Oh, we must celebrate the Fourth first," said her father. "When people celebrate the Fourth of July, they eat a dinner, but first they have speeches and music. I think we ought to have some music at any rate," and he drew from his pocket a jew's-harp, a harmonica, a rattle, a penny whistle, and a pair of bones. The children clapped their hands with delight, and began stretching out for the toys. "Let me see," said he, "there are just enough to go round, but we have n't any audience, and shall have to pretend that Nep and the bugs and beetles are the audience." He gave the penny whistle to Nathan, the rattle to Lucy, the harmonica to Phippy, kept the bones for himself, and then gave the jew's-harp to Mrs. Bodley.

"Now, Nathan, you can be leader; you must beat the air with your penny whistle, just as the leader of the orchestra does, then clap it into your mouth and we 'll all play Yankee Doodle just as hard as we can." It was a most successful concert. Away went the tune in every direction. Mrs. Bodley breathed it forth from the jew's-harp; Phippy and Nathan thought they played it on their instruments; Lucy sprang her rattle vigorously; and above all was heard the clapping of the bones in a most lively fashion.

"Now, papa, make a speech," said Nathan.

"No, I won't make a speech; we 'll celebrate the Fourth in our own fashion, and each of us will tell a story. Lucy shall tell one first. Come, Lucy."

"You tell one first, Phippy, while I try to think of one," said Lucy.

"Well, I'll tell one," said Phippy. "But would n't you fire off my double-header first?"

"Oh no, Phip," said Nathan. "Don't let 's fire it off yet."

"Well," said she, sitting up very straight, "I'll tell you a story I read in a book once. Once upon a time there were two men who were traveling through a desert. The desert was full of sand. It was an immense desert, oh, an immense desert."

"As big as our place?" asked Lucy.

"Oh, ten thousand times bigger, and it was full of sand. When you walked, you kept putting your feet into this smooth, hot sand, and it was very prickly. No, the sand was n't particularly prickly, but there were prickly plants in it, all full of little teenty bits of prickles, and if you ran them into your foot, you would think you had stepped into a wasp's nest. Then what comes next? Oh, I know, these two travelers were walking across this immense desert, and they had walked for days and days, and were awfully tired, when they began to see mountains in the distance, and so they knew they were coming near to water, and they were dreadfully thirsty. Well, they walked and they walked over this immense desert of sand" —

"Seems to me they have n't got on at all," said Nathan, impatiently.

"Oh, you wait, Nathan; they 'll come to something pretty soon. As they walked, and thought they never should come to a mountain, suddenly, all at once, what do you think they saw?"

"A spring," said Lucy.

"An oasis," said Nathan.

"They saw a hillock."

"Oh, pshaw!" said Nathan, "that was n't much to see."

"Yes, but what if you should see a hillock begin to rise right up so," said the little girl, gradually rising and throwing her arms up, while her voice grew shriller, "and the hillock should turn into a Tremendous Giant that doubled up his fist and set up a great roar, and look as if he was going to eat up the two poor travelers. They shook, and they quaked for fear, and tried to get behind each other, and one did get behind the other, and he told him to be gentle and not to irritate the giant. Then the giant roared out:

"'Let me pound you to atoms of dust — who are you that dare to come into my dominion?' Then the one who was in front spoke up and said:

"'O good giant, we are only walking through this immense desert, but there is a great caravan behind us, with figs and dates and all sorts of splendid things in it, and we can lead them this way, if you will first let us go into the mountains beyond, and bring back word of what we find there.' Now the tremendous giant was a stupid giant, and he believed them; and so he let them go by and they never came back, but lived in peace, and died in Greece."

"And what became of the giant?" asked Nathan.

"Oh, he tumbled over after a while. No he did n't either. He waited for the caravan and it never came, and he got angry and blew up. People sometimes blow up when they get very angry. Now let 's fire off my double-header."

"No, no," said Nathan, "we ought to hear all the stories first. Now, Lucy, it 's your turn."

"I don't think I know any stories now that I can tell," said she.

"Well, you know some poetry don't you?" asked Nathan. "Every one must do something, because it 's Fourth of July."

"Don't you know 'Dimple and Rosywing'?" asked her mama.

THE TREMENDOUS GIANT.

"So I do. I'll say that," and she looked very much pleased, and said, quite prettily, the little fairy tale of

DIMPLE AND ROSYWING.

Under the daisies two little fairies,
Dimple and Rosywing,

"Up and down they balanced and swung."

Across a stem of red strawberries
Made a grass-blade tilt and swing.

"Ho!" said Dimple, "now for a ride;"
"Now for a tilt," said both together;
One on each end, they jumped astride,
And up went Dimple, light as a feather;

And down in the grass went Rosywing;
But he kicked with his dainty feet,
And up he went, with a flutter and spring,
Up where the daisies and grass-heads meet.

Up and down they balanced and swung,
And laughed so loud, the humblebees
Turned on the clovers where they hung,
And stared, and rubbed their dusty knees.

A grasshopper, walking up a daisy,
Cheered and cheered; and a cricket frisked
Out of his hole, as if he were crazy,
Cackled and laughed, and back he whisked.

By and by, at the close of day,
Their mother came; and when they told her,
She kissed them, and gayly bore them away,
Dancing off with one on each shoulder.

"Now, papa," said Nathan, who seemed to have taken it on himself to direct the proceedings, "I think we will hear your story now."

"How would you like to hear about old Paul Bodley, whose tomb you found, back by the ledge?"

"Oh, do tell us about him," cried the children.

"He was P. B., 1675," said Phippy, promptly.

"Yes, that was the year he died, a hundred and seventy-five years ago. He was your great, great, great, great grandfather."

"Oh dear," said Lucy, softly. "Was he as big as Phippy's giant?"

"Big? Oh no, he was quite a little man, judging from his picture. He came in a ship from England about ten years before he died here, and he brought with him his wife and one little boy. He was a rope-maker in England, so when he came over here, the first thing he did after building a log house, was to make a rope-walk."

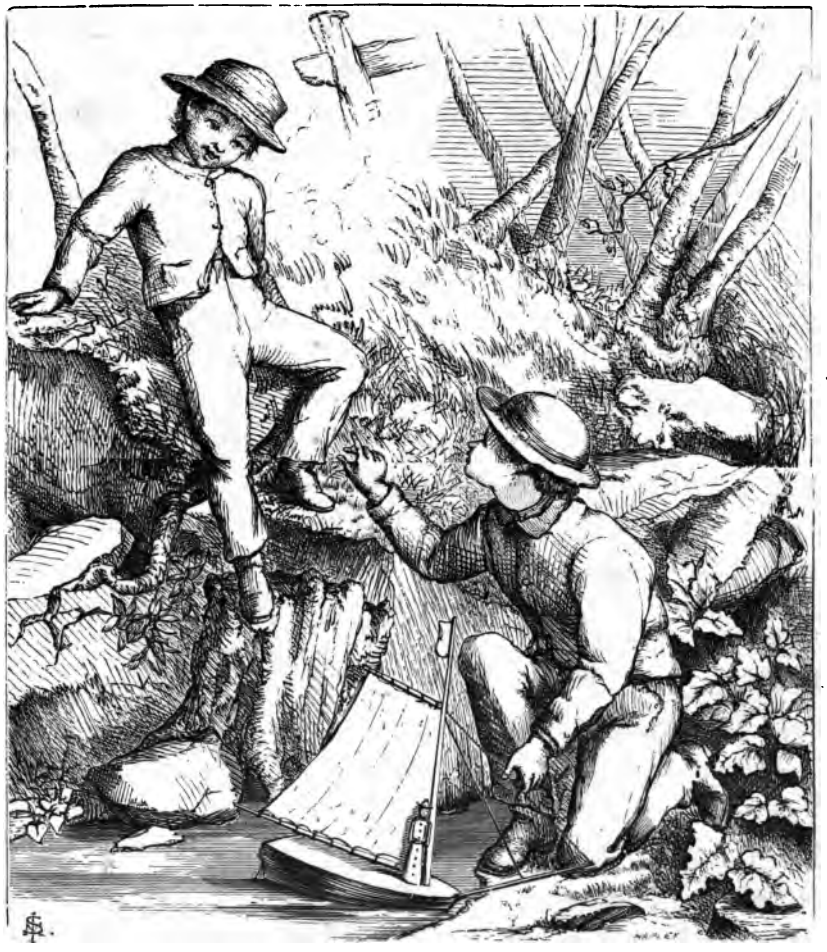
"Why, there is n't any water round the ledge," said Nathan.

"Oh, it was n't necessary to build his rope-walk like those you have seen in marshy places. He did not build any house over it at all, but drove posts into the ground, fastened cords to them, and walked back and forth, twisting them. Then his house was not like ours. It was built of logs, the chinks filled in with earth, and the roof thatched with grass; but after a while he came to be a well-to-do man and he built a frame house; the upper story coming out beyond the lower story, and the roof sloping behind nearly down to the ground. He had a great chimney in the middle, and a fire-place so big that logs four feet long could be burned in it. In the corner was a seat, and there little Jacob Bodley, who was ten years old when his father brought him over, used to sit, and he could look up through the chimney at night, and see the stars shining. There they lived, eating hasty-pudding, and wild turkeys, and geese, and drinking cider and beer, which they made themselves, and Paul Bodley and his son made rope, and as there were ships made and fitted out, they found they could sell as much rope as they could make. The Indians used to come by and stop often, but they were near the town, and no one did them any injury, but by and by, there was a

war between the Indians and English, which was called King Philip's War, because the chief Indian went by the name of King Philip. The Indians began to be very troublesome. There was one who came to the house of a man named John Minot, who lived not a great way from here in Dorchester. John had gone to church with all his family, except a servant-girl and two small children. The girl saw the Indian coming, and was afraid and barred the door, and the Indian found he could not get into the house, so he fired his gun into it hoping to hit somebody. But what should this brave girl do, but get out a couple of copper kettles, and put one over each of the children, and then she went up-stairs and got a gun, and fired at the Indian. She wounded him in the shoulder, but he had found out there was no one but this girl in the house, so he broke a window and was crawling in through it, when she rushed to the fire-place, took up a shovel, and shoveled some burning coals, and then ran at him with them. That made him crawl back and get away as fast as he could. You see in those days, one needed to be very brave. Well, old Paul Bodley, though he was not so very old, was a member of one of the military companies that marched out to attack the Indians. He was in Captain Mosley's company, and all I can find out was that he was killed in one of the excursions, and his body was brought back and buried where the old tomb is. But Jacob was now twenty years old, and he stayed with his mother, and in course of time he was married, and so the family was kept up. The old house was deserted years ago, and gradually dropped to pieces, and now there are no signs left of it. And that is all I can tell you about your great, great, great, great grandfather. Now I think we ought to have a story from your mother."

"I won't tell a long story," said she, "but this pond makes me

think of a sight I saw a few years ago, when I was walking here. Your father and I had come out from the city for a walk, and he was



The Deaf and Dumb Sailors.

showing me where old Paul Bodley once lived, and then we came through the woods, and into this path and by the pond. Just below

here where you see that old fence and the trees and rocks, we saw two boys playing with a sail-boat. The boat had its sail set, and a little wooden man was leaning against the mast, the captain I suppose he was. One of the boys was kneeling down by it, and talking to the other who was on the bank.

"'Boys,' I called out, but they did not answer me, though they were so near. Your father threw a stone into the water. It struck behind them, and made a noise, but they did not turn round. 'They must be very busy,' said I to your father, when just then I noticed that one of them, instead of holding up something in his hand, as I thought he was doing, made his fingers go, and then I saw that he was talking with his fingers to the other."

"Why, mother," said Nathan, "how could he?"

"They were both deaf and dumb, Thanny; they could neither hear anything that was said, nor speak to each other as we can, but they could make signs with their fingers, for that is the way the deaf and dumb talk. So your father and I went up to them. I can talk with my fingers, and I talked with them, and I found that they had come out here to play with their boat, and had been on opposite sides of the pond, playing that they were sending a ship across the Atlantic; and now one of them had run quite round the Atlantic, by way of Greenland, he explained to me, to see if his ship had got safely in."

"I should like to have seen that," said Phippy. "Why can't we have a boat to sail here, and then I could fire off my double-header when it started. Nathan, it 's your turn to tell a story." Nathan knit his brows, trying to think of something he said he meant to tell. Then he began: —

"This is the story of a boy named John Tobey" —

JOHN TOBEY AND THE BOY WHOSE NAME BEGAN WITH N.

"Why, John Tobey goes to our school," said Phippy, "and his father 's got a donkey."

"Now, Phippy, that 's real mean. You 'll spoil all my story."

"Go on, Nathan," said his father. "Phippy was taken aback by your story, it was so life-like. She won't interrupt you again."

"Well, John Tobey was a kind boy, and he had a donkey, and would n't the donkey go? Oh, yes, yes. One day he harnessed him in a cart, and he asked another boy who went to the same school, whose name began with N" —

"Nathan! Nathan!" shouted both Phippy and Lucy at once.

"No it was n't," said he, triumphantly, "it was Nicholas."

"Oh, Nick Green," said Phippy.

"Now, Phippy, you said you would n't," and Nathan looked very much injured.

"Let Nathan finish his story," said his mother. "We want to hear what happened to John Tobey and the boy whose name began with N."

"Well, John Tobey asked that other boy if he would n't like to take a ride with him in his donkey-cart, so that other boy got in, and away they went like everything, down the road, and all the dogs and geese along the road began to bark and hiss, and there was a great dust, and that is all my story. Oh, no, there 's another chapter. There was another boy who went to the same school, and his name began with N, too, and he said he wished his father had a donkey and a donkey-cart."

"We must call Nep a donkey," laughed Mr. Bodley; and then they all began a chase after Nep, who led them on a great frolic.

"Now, then, for my double-header," said Phippy.

"Wait till dinner," said Nathan, "and then we 'll fire it off just before we sit down."

"Yes," said her father, "you are wanted now to help make the fire."

"A fire!" said Phippy, "are we really going to have a fire?"

"To be sure. Else how could we cook our potatoes, and bake our apples?"

"Oh, goody!" cried she, and in a moment she was at work gathering sticks. They found some well-shaped stones, and built a little fire-place near the water's edge. Nathan was wheeled up in the little cart, and given a long stick with which first to poke the fire, and then to skewer an apple for roasting. Mrs. Bodley and Lucy laid the table on a flat rock, and found some wild flowers with which they dressed it.

"Dinner 's ready!" at last they cried.

"Now for my double-header," shouted Phippy. They all put their fingers in their ears while Phippy at a safe distance touched off the double-header, and watched behind a tree for the fusee to burn down. It burned slowly, slowly, and then fizz, fizz! the double-header gave a little squirm and that was all. Alas! the powder was wet. Phippy remembered that she had put it on a boat which she had sailed in the trough, and it might have tipped over once or twice, she was n't quite sure. However the dinner was good; they became very hot, roasting potatoes and apples, and they ate the chicken and the bread and butter, and Nathan had the thick pieces because he had sprained his ankle, and they drank the cool milk that was in the tin pail, and Nep had a mighty fine dinner over chicken bones. It was the middle of the afternoon before they went home, and after tea, though the children were pretty sleepy, they begged to sit up and see the fire-works. So they all went up into the great play-room and looked out of the window and saw the

rockets go up, and the roman candles, and after saying oo! a great many times, finally went to bed, and slept soundly all night.

CHAPTER X.

A FAMOUS RIDE.

It sometimes rains, even in summer, and one day, near the end of July, there had been a cold, easterly storm, which kept the children in-doors. Mr. Bodley came home from the city at night, and found the mother with Lucy and Nathan in her room, telling them stories. Nathan was able to walk about now with the help of a stick, but he had to be pretty careful.

"Where is Phippy?" asked her father.

"She is up in the play-room," said Lucy; "she 's got a secret, and we 're not to come up till she calls us." At this moment, Phippy's high pitched voice was heard above, —

"Come, children!"

"We 'll all go," said her father, and he picked up Nathan and carried him puss-back. They climbed the stairs, but the attic door was shut. Mr. Bodley knocked. Little feet were heard coming slowly toward the door, and Phippy, with a book in her hand, looking very wise, opened the door and stood before them.

"Are you the school-committee?" she asked. "Would you like to come in and examine my school?"

"Very much," said Mr. Bodley. "This lady may like to put her children to school to you."

"Oh, I don't take little children," said she. "I only take poor

people whose education has been neglected. But walk in, ladies and gentlemen. The class in reading is now ready to recite." They followed her into the farther part of the room, and then they all set up a shout, for Phippy had made out of coats and boots two such queer looking bogies, that in the dark it was almost fearful to see them, they looked so alive.

The Bogies at School.

"Well done!" cried her father. "You are

> "A grave little school-dame, wiser than your betters,
> You make your own scholars, then teach them their letters."

They all romped about the attic, and finally left Bugaboo and Fee-fo-fum, as Phippy called them, to sit in their chairs all night,

while the school-teacher and the school committee went down-stairs to tea. After tea was always the children's play hour, and dearly they loved it, whether in-doors or out, for then their father and mother could play with them. Usually in this summer time they were all out of doors together, but to-night this could not be. The storm, too, made it grow dark early, and even cold, so that they had a little bit of a wood fire in the library, and all sat before that.

"Now, papa, for a story," said Phippy, sitting in her chair very straight and smoothing her dress down in front. "Mama has told us stories this afternoon, and I think she would like to hear one, too."

"Well, did mama ever tell you the story of John Gilpin?" The children had heard a good many stories from their mama, but they could not seem to remember one with that name.

"It is a very good story, though," said she.

"I suppose I could tell it in my own way," said papa, "but it is so much better in the way it was written, that I will repeat it just as William Cowper wrote it."

"Do you know William Cowper?" asked Nathan. His father laughed.

"No. Mr. Cowper has been dead a good many years. He wrote some very sweet hymns that we sing in church, and he wrote this story which he called

THE DIVERTING HISTORY OF JOHN GILPIN.

SHOWING HOW HE WENT FARTHER THAN HE INTENDED, AND CAME SAFE HOME AGAIN.

John Gilpin was a citizen
Of credit and renown,
A train-band Captain eke was he
Of famous London town.

John Gilpin's spouse said to her dear, —
"Though wedded we have been
These twice ten tedious years, yet we
No holiday have seen.

"To-morrow is our wedding-day,
And we will then repair
Unto the Bell at Edmonton,
All in a chaise and pair.

"My sister and my sister's child,
Myself and children three,
Will fill the chaise, so you must ride
On horseback after we."

He soon replied, — "I do admire
Of womankind but one,
And you are she, my dearest dear
Therefore it shall be done.

"I am a linen-draper bold,
As all the world doth know,
And my good friend the Callender
Will lend his horse to go."

Quoth Mrs. Gilpin, — "That 's well said;
And for that wine is dear,
We will be furnished with our own,
Which is both bright and clear."

John Gilpin kissed his loving wife,
O'erjoyed was he to find
That though on pleasure she was bent,
She had a frugal mind.

The morning came, the chaise was brought,
But yet was not allowed
To drive up to the door, lest all
Should say that she was proud.

So three doors off the chaise was stayed,
Where they did all get in,
Six precious souls, and all agog
To dash through thick and thin.

Smack went the whip, round went the wheel,
Were never folk so glad,
The stones did rattle underneath
As if Cheapside were mad.

John Gilpin at his horse's side
Seized fast the flowing mane,
And up he got in haste to ride,
But soon came down again.

For saddle-tree scarce reached had he,
His journey to begin,
When turning round his head he saw
Three customers come in.

So down he came, for loss of time
Although it grieved him sore,
Yet loss of pence, full well he knew,
Would trouble him much more.

'T was long before the customers
Were suited to their mind,
When Betty screaming came down-stairs,
"The wine is left behind."

"Good lack!" quoth he, "yet bring it me,
My leathern belt likewise,
In which I bear my trusty sword
When I do exercise."

Now Mistress Gilpin, careful soul,
Had two stone bottles found,
To hold the liquor that she loved,
And keep it safe and sound.

Each bottle had a curling ear,
Through which the belt he drew,
And hung a bottle on each side,
To make his balance true.

Then over all, that he might be
Equipped from top to toe,
His long red cloak, well brushed and neat,
He manfully did throw.

Now see him mounted once again
Upon his nimble steed,
Full slowly pacing o'er the stones
With caution and good heed.

But finding soon a smoother road
Beneath his well-shod feet,
The snorting beast began to trot,
Which galled him in his seat.

So, "Fair and softly," John he cried,
But John he cried in vain,
That trot became a gallop soon
In spite of curb and rein.

So stooping down, as needs he must
Who cannot sit upright,
He grasped the mane with both his hands
And eke with all his might.

His horse, who never in that sort
Had handled been before,
What thing upon his back had got
Did wonder more and more.

Away went Gilpin, neck or naught,
Away went hat and wig,
He little dreamt when he set out
Of running such a rig.

The wind did blow, the cloak did fly,
Like streamer long and gay,
Till loop and button failing both,
At last it flew away.

Then might all people well discern
The bottles he had slung,
A bottle swinging at each side,
As hath been said or sung.

The dogs did bark, the children screamed,
Up flew the windows all,
And every soul cried out, "Well done!"
As loud as he could bawl.

Away went Gilpin — who but he;
His fame soon spread around —
He carries weight, he rides a race,
'Tis for a thousand pound.

And still, as fast as he drew near,
'T was wonderful to view
How in a trice the turnpike-men
Their gates wide open threw.

And now as he went bowing down
His reeking head full low,
The bottles twain behind his back
Were shattered at a blow.

Down ran the wine into the road
Most piteous to be seen,
Which made his horse's flanks to smoke
As they had basted been.

But still he seemed to carry weight,
With leathern girdle braced,
For all might see the bottle necks
Still dangling at his waist.

Thus all through merry Islington
These gambols he did play,
And till he came unto the Wash
Of Edmonton so gay.

And there he threw the Wash about
On both sides of the way,
Just like unto a trundling mop,
Or a wild goose at play.

At Edmonton his loving wife
From the balcony spied
Her tender husband, wondering much
To see how he did ride.

"AND NOW AS HE WENT BOWING DOWN."

"Stop, stop, John Gilpin! Here 's the house," —
They all at once did cry,
"The dinner waits and we are tired:"
Said Gilpin, — "So am I."

But yet his horse was not a whit
Inclined to tarry there,
For why? his owner had a house
Full ten miles off, at Ware.

So like an arrow swift he flew
Shot by an archer strong,
So did he fly — which brings me to
The middle of my song.

Away went Gilpin, out of breath,
And sore against his will,
Till at his friend the Callender's
His horse at last stood still.

The Callender, amazed to see
His neighbor in such trim,
Laid down his pipe, flew to the gate,
And thus accosted him, —

"What news? what news? your tidings tell,
Tell me you must and shall —
Say why bare-headed you are come,
Or why you come at all?"

Now Gilpin had a pleasant wit,
And loved a timely joke,
And thus unto the Callender
In merry guise he spoke, —

"I came because your horse would come;
And if I well forbode,
My hat and wig will soon be here,
They are upon the road."

The Callender, right glad to find
His friend in merry pin,
Returned him not a single word,
But to the house went in.

Whence straight he came with hat and wig,
A wig that flowed behind,
A hat not much the worse for wear,
Each comely in its kind.

He held them up and in his turn
Thus showed his ready wit,—
"My head is twice as big as yours,
They therefore needs must fit.

"But let me scrape the dirt away
That hangs upon your face;
And stop and eat, for well you may
Be in a hungry case."

Said John,—"It is my wedding-day,
And all the world would stare,
If wife should dine at Edmonton
And I should dine at Ware."

So turning to his horse, he said,
"I am in haste to dine;
'T was for your pleasure you came here,
You shall go back for mine."

Ah luckless speech, and bootless boast!
For which he paid full dear,
For while he spake, a braying ass
Did sing most loud and clear.

Whereat his horse did snort as he
Had heard a lion roar,
And galloped off with all his might
As he had done before.

Away went Gilpin, and away
Went Gilpin's hat and wig;
He lost them sooner than at first,
For why? they were too big.

Now Mistress Gilpin, when she saw
Her husband posting down
Into the country far away,
She pulled out half a crown;

And thus unto the youth she said
That drove them to the Bell,
"This shall be yours when you bring back
My husband safe and well."

The youth did ride, and soon did meet
John coming back amain,
Whom in a trice he tried to stop
By catching at his rein.

But not performing what he meant,
And gladly would have done,
The frighted steed he frighted more,
And made him faster run.

Away went Gilpin, and away
Went post-boy at his heels,
The post-boy's horse right glad to miss
The lumbering of the wheels.

Six gentlemen upon the road
Thus seeing Gilpin fly,
With post-boy scampering in the rear,
They raised the hue and cry.

"Stop thief, stop thief — a highwayman!"
Not one of them was mute,
And all and each that passed that way
Did join in the pursuit.

And now the turnpike gates again
Flew open in short space,
The toll-man thinking as before
That Gilpin rode a race.

And so he did, and won it too,
For he got first to town,
Nor stopped till where he had got up
He did again get down.

Now let us sing, "Long live the king,
And Gilpin long live he,
And when he next doth ride abroad,
May I be there to see!"

"Hush!" said Phippy, when her father had ended, "Nathan's asleep." So he was. Much effort all day to amuse himself had made the little fellow gallop off with John Gilpin to the Land of

Nod, and there he lay so sound asleep, that the stopping of their voices did not awake him.

"Let 's carry him up-stairs," said Lucy; so Mr. Bodley took him in his arms, and Mrs. Bodley took a candle and the two little girls marched before, and thus they all went up to Nathan's room.

"Won't he be surprised when he wakes up!" said Phippy, as she and Lucy went off to their bed.

Mrs. Bodley undressed her little boy, still sleeping soundly, and tucked him into bed. She looked out of the window to see if it was still raining. The rain had stopped, but the wind was blowing yet, and she could see the honeysuckle vine that climbed up the trellis below, tossing in the wind. It was a dark night, and she thought of the ships and sailors in the bay, and was glad it was not winter. Then she kissed Nathan one more good-night, and going to her little girls, saw them safely in bed, and went down-stairs to her husband.

CHAPTER XI.

ROBBERS!

In the middle of the night Mr. Bodley waked, hearing a great scream from Nathan. Both he and Mrs. Bodley jumped up and ran at once to the little room where he slept. They found him sitting upright in bed, crying and trembling.

"Why, what is it?" asked his mother, taking his head in her arms.

"There! there! out of the window!" he cried, and his father went to the window. It was wide open. He looked out, but could see nothing, for it was very dark.

"There 's nothing there," said he to Nathan, as he came back. "Sarah, did you leave the window open?"

"No," said Mrs. Bodley. "I closed it when Nathan went to bed."

"It was a man!" said Nathan, trembling, and as soon as he could get his voice. "He opened the window, and was just climbing in, when I cried and he went back." Mr. Bodley carried Nathan into his own room, and then took a lamp and went through the house. He called Martin, who slept in a room over the shed, and they lighted the lantern and went into the garden. As they came to the trellis over which the honeysuckle climbed, they found marks of boots in the soft earth.

"Do you suppose that trellis would bear a man, Martin?" asked Mr. Bodley.

"I guess it did," said he. "Look here," and he showed how the vines on the trellis had been bruised, and there were marks of dirt where the feet had pressed. They examined the foot-prints, and as nearly as they could make out there was but one man, and he must have gone away through the grapery. It was idle to follow him after such a lapse of time, and they re-entered the house. The other children had not waked, and Mrs. Bodley had rocked Nathan in her arms until he was soothed, and now was sound asleep.

"Did you find any one?" she whispered to her husband, as he came in.

"I found the foot-prints of the savage," said he, "but he has rowed off in his canoe, I suppose."

When Nathan awoke the next morning, he was at first very much surprised to find himself on the lounge in his mother's room. Then he remembered how he came there. His father and mother were

not yet awake, and he lay still, feeling very safe in their room, but started as he heard noises in the house. He got up and limped across the floor to the bed and shook his father's arm.

"Papa! papa! there 's somebody in the house!" His father woke up with a start, and saw Nathan in his night-gown standing there, his eyes very big.

"Get back to bed, Nathan. Of course there 's somebody in the house. We 're not all out of doors." But they were all awake now, and it was not long before they had breakfast. Nathan had found Phippy and Lucy, and told them the dreadful news, and the little girls were in great excitement.

"Only think!" said Phippy, "he may be down in the Grove now."

"Oh, no," said her mother, "he will not stay about here now."

"He 'd better not," said Nathan, who had already grown quite bold. "I rather think Martin would fire the crow-bar at him."

"Is the crow-bar loaded?" asked Mr. Bodley. "I suppose you would finish the man with your bow and arrows."

"Why, papa," said Nathan, very much in earnest, "the crow-bar is very heavy, and Martin can balance it on his little finger. He says Hen used to balance it on the tip of his nose."

"That Hen, it seems to me, was a wonderful fellow," said Mr. Bodley. "Whatever Martin could do, Hen always seemed to do a little better."

"Hen 's in California," said Phippy; "Martin had a letter from him. He 's picking up chunks of gold, Martin says."

"I've no doubt of it," said Mr. Bodley. "I don't believe Hen would stoop to a piece smaller than a hen's egg. But, Thanny, I remember reading a story once about a very nimble little fellow,

who was a match for half a dozen bold ruffians. He was called Jack o' the Mill, and lived in England a good many hundred years ago. One day he was at an inn, and a number of rough fellows in the kitchen, where they were eating supper, began to plague him. He was very sharp in his answers, and this made them angry. They said they meant to search him, to see if he had any secret letters about him, for it was a time when everything was in confusion in England. Jack called to the innkeeper to protect him, but he was afraid of the rough fellows and could do nothing. Then Jack drew his sword and they all laughed at him, and began to crowd around him. He jumped upon the supper table, and then sprang upon the great mantel-piece over the huge fire-place that they had in those days. The men could not reach him with their swords, and so one of them ran for a pike. 'Have a care,' cried Jack, and suddenly he seized some heavy flat-irons that stood in a row on the shelf, and in a twinkling flung them down one after another. Over went the innkeeper, and the men began to run about to get on chairs so as to reach Jack. Down came a shower of candlesticks, stewpans, cleavers; "Stop, stop," they cried, but just then Jack spied a row of hams, flitches of bacon and big cheeses on a rack above him. He cut the string that fastened the rack, and down they all came tumbling on the heads of the men, and Jack, in the confusion, jumped down from his perch and made his way out of the door. Now, perhaps, Thanny, if you had lived in those days you would have been as brave, eh?"

"There is n't much room on the mantel-piece," said Nathan, turning round.

"No," said his father, "and I don't think the little match-safe and toothpick case would do much harm except to themselves."

JACK O' THE MILL.

"I should n't think that man would like to have come in such a hard rain-storm last night," said Phippy."

"He chose the night because it was so stormy, and the wind blew so that no one could hear him."

"It was a good deal of a storm," said Mrs. Bodley, who had been reading the morning paper. "They felt it very severely in Providence, I see."

The Great Storm of 1815 in Providence.

"Ah, but not as they did in 1815. Do you remember that, Sarah? You were in Providence then, but you could only have been about five or six years old."

"I can just remember it," said she. "But I have often heard

my father tell of it. The vessels were all driven about by the storm; they finally broke the bridge, and went rushing through the gap like a herd of cattle. I remember being taken afterward to see a sloop that had floated across Weybosset Street and finally lodged in Pleasant Street, by the side of a three story house, and the mast reached up above the roof. Houses were carried away by the flood, and a great deal of damage was done."

"Was grandpa hurt?" asked Lucy.

"No, though he lost some ships then. But we were all thankful not to have our house blown down over our heads."

"Do you think the sea could ever come up as far as this?" asked Lucy. "I can see it out of the play-room window."

"No indeed, darling," said her mother. "We are safe from the sea here. But it is too wet for you to go out this morning, and if you will come up into my room when papa has gone to town, I will tell you a fairy tale about the sea."

Nathan did not care about the fairy tale, so he stayed and played with Mouse Castle, but Phippy and Lucy sat down with their mother in her room. It was a very pleasant room, and they had heard a good many stories there, and they dearly loved to draw some chairs together just like grown folks as they said, and sit and have a good talk with mama. Sometimes she sewed as she read to them or told them stories, and sometimes they also sewed, but this morning the children had been excited by the robber and the stories of Jack o' the Mill, and of the great flood at Providence, so Mrs. Bodley let them draw the chairs together while she told them in verse a little fairy tale. Phippy's eyes shone with delight as she began, and Lucy was pleased too. She did not like the dreadful stories, she said;

and she was always ready to hear a real fairy tale, such as her mother told. This is the story which was told the children: —

The Story-Teller and the Little Listeners.

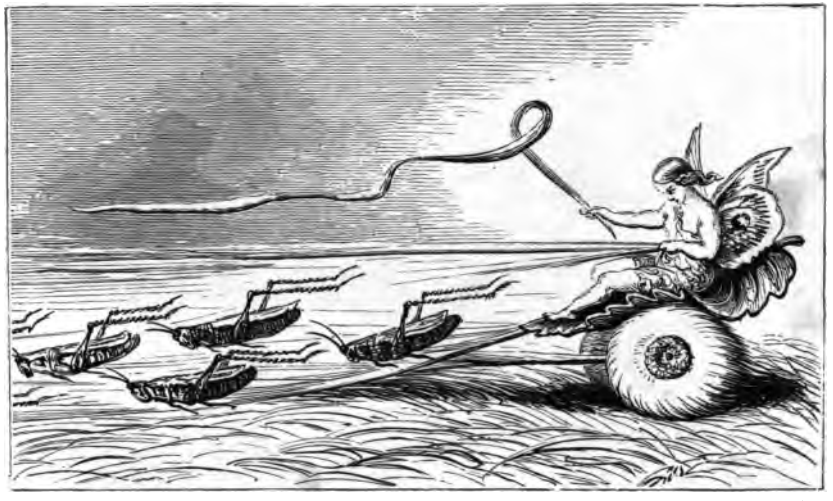
A TALE OF THE SUNSET SEA.

Late, in the golden sunset light,
A moth flew past, all shimmering white;
And a fairy boy,
With shouts of joy,
Followed his rapid flight.
"Oh, fairy boy, come back, come back!"
Sweet voices were heard to cry,
"The fairy that follows the white moth's track,
Swept from the verge of the mountain high
By the winds of night, shall drowned be,
Far away, in the Sunset Sea."

The fairy boy ne'er stopped to list,
He fled the faster and farther, I wist.

With my daisy lamps, in the moon alight,
All round my chamber, glimmering white,
I pulled a clover-leaf over my head,
And went to sleep in my swinging bed;
When a rush, a hue and cry,
Awakened me from the gayest dreams:
A troop of fairies were sweeping by;
Some, dragged by teams
Of fire-flies, glanced ahead; and some
Blew horns of the honeysuckle red,
And some rang flower-bells overhead.
They shouted to me "Have you seen, to-night,
A fairy boy pass by?"
I answered, "Yes, in the sunset light,
Following fast the white moth's flight,
Toward the sunset sky."
With a scream and wail, they fled away,
And were lost in the shadows long and gray.

When the sun was up,
I drank a cup
Of dew, and ate
Fresh honey off a flower-leaf plate.
Then I harnessed my team of grasshoppers green,
To my car with the daisy wheels;
With my long whip-lash of grass, I ween,
I made them skip o'er the fields.



With long, stout legs, and clicking wings,
By steady flights, and jerking springs,
They bore me, at last, to the great white slide
That lies on the gloomy mountain side.
I stepped from my car on a bed of moss,
With sweet-grass fringe as fine as floss,
And I rang a blue-bell, swinging tall,
Beside the white elves' castle wall.
A white elf came
With a beard like flame

And steel-blue eyes,
Round with surprise.
"O Daisywing! is it you?" he cried,
"So early up on our mountain side?"
"Yes, it is me, Rothbart! I 've come
To borrow your cap and magical drum;
In return, I bring you a clover-horn,

Filled with honey this very morn;
And a bag of the golden dust that grows
Close to the heart of the double rose."
Then he gave me, with joy, his wonderful cap,
And his magical drum; and said, —
"Who wears this cap, may sit in the lap
Of the clouds that sail o'erhead;
Who beats this drum o'er the Sunset Sea,
Shall raise the fairies that drowned be."
With the drum in my lap,
I put on the cap,

When a light wind came,
And up I rose, like the smoke from flame;
A soft, white cloud floated up to me,
  And I sat me down in its lap,
And we sailed away to the Sunset Sea, —
  Blest be the wonderful cap!
All day long we sailed, and sailed.
  Through the blue and lonely sky;
Till we knew, from the golden fleets we hailed,
  That the Sunset Sea was nigh.

Soon, on its broad and shining breast
We furled our sails, and lay at rest.
  Then I beat on the magical drum,
And listened long, but I heard no sound;
Only a ripple circled round;
  When, — hush! a faint, low hum, —
And near me arose a bubble bright;
It broke, and, flashing into the light,
  The fairy boy, with dripping wings,
Threw up his arms, and cried to me;
  I caught him by the silken rings

Of his hair, and laid him on my knee;
And when there came a favoring gale,
The cloud spread every fleecy sail,
And we sailed all night
By the full moon's light,
And at dawn by the great, dark mountain top,
The cloud let all its anchors drop.

Then I went to Rothbart's castle again,
And gave him his cap and drum;
And I said, "O best of the elvish men,
Another time I will come,
And bring you the scarlet strawberries' wine,
And drinking horns of the columbine,
And pillows of thistledown, and a spread
Of honey-bees' fur to cover your bed."

He gave me my team of grasshoppers green,
And my car with the daisy-wheels;

Throned on my lap, the fairy boy
Shouted with joy,
And waved my grass-blade lash, I ween,
About my grasshoppers' heels.
Away we went down the mountain side,
A wild, a dizzy, a glorious ride!
I carried the boy to the beautiful dell,
Where all his fairy kinsfolk dwell;
I set him down on a leaf close by,
Where I heard a fairy sob and cry,
And I sped away to my home again;
But on the way I heard a strain
Of loud rejoicing, — singing sweet,
And grass-stem flutes, and viols meet
To measure the time for dancing feet.

Phippy and Lucy sat perfectly still to the end, then Lucy came and laid her head in her mother's lap, and Phippy danced out of the room to find Nathan. She liked variety, and when she was done with a fairy tale she was ready for something else. As for Lucy, the story had quieted her, and she liked best just then to be taken into her mother's arms and sung to sleep. It was a simple little song that her mother sang to her; one she had sung to her babies when they could only be charmed by the lull of the music, and now sang once in a while to Lucy, who loved the words as well.

MOTHER'S EYES.

What are the songs the mother sings?
Of birds, and flowers, and pretty things.
Baby lies in her arms and spies
All her world in her mother's eyes.

What are the tales the mother tells?
Of gems and jewels and silver bells.
Baby lies in her arms and spies
All her wealth in her mother's eyes.

What are the thoughts in the mother's mind?
Of gentle Jesus, loving and kind.
Baby lies in her arms and spies
All her heaven in her mother's eyes.

CHAPTER XII.

THE HUNTING OF THE CHEVIOT.

NATHAN'S ankle was quite well again before vacation was over, and he was running about as hard as ever, and climbed quite as many trees and sheds as before. Nep had been put in training, and had learned to draw the little cart tolerably well, and now that Nathan could ride in it and drive him he was likely to get considerable practice. The trouble was, that though Nep would stand patiently while the harness was fitted to him and would take his place in the shafts as if he expected to trot to town on family business, he had certain plans of his own which did not always agree with Nathan's. He could not understand why that little fellow was so continually twitching his mouth on one side or the other, and what earthly reason he had for objecting to his going to the side of the road occasionally, when Nep knew very well that they often chased each other back and forth, over fences too. Nathan found one way to get a good smart trot out of Nep. He would get Nep into the mid-

dle of the avenue, arrange the cart behind him, get in, gather the reins and then fling a stone as far as he could down the avenue. Away Nep would bound till he came to the stone, which he would seize, when Nathan would get out, take the stone away from him, throw it a bit farther, and in that way they got over the road in fine style.

The dog was not Nathan's only companion. He had his rabbits and he had his pig, and from the amount of time he spent looking into the pig-pen, one would think that piggy was his most intimate friend. Then there was Mr. Bottom, and Nathan had begun to ride him. He was a dreadfully hard horse to ride, but as Nathan had never ridden any other, he supposed that it was part of horseback riding to be jounced and racked as he was. The cow was another of Nathan's friends. He drove her to pasture sometimes and had even ridden her when Martin led her. One day she was fastened by a long rope to the crow-bar which was planted in the lawn; she was allowed to eat all the grass she could find within reach, and Nathan spied her lying on the lawn and chewing the cud.

"I can jump over that cow, Phippy," said he, "just as easy as not."

"Oh you can't, Nathan."

"Well I can vault over her."

"But she 's higher than the fence that you tried to vault over yesterday."

"Well, I can climb over her, anyway," said he, so he ran up to the cow and began to clamber over her. He had just succeeded in getting upon her backbone when the cow either finished her cud or became inquisitive, for she got up on her legs, and with the rising, over went Nathan upon the ground more frightened than hurt.

The fact was when Nathan could use his ankle freely again, he was so glad to be able to use it, that he went leaping and running and vaulting in all directions. What he liked best of all was to play leap-frog with his father and Martin. It was almost as hard for them to leap over Nathan, since he was so short, as it was for him to leap over them in turn, they were so large and tall; but they stooped as low as they could, and Nathan generally managed to get over in some sort of fashion. One day they had been playing at the game after supper, and Martin had gone off to feed the horse, while Nathan and the girls sat on the door-step with their father. They could hear the frogs in the distance, for it was a warm summer evening, and Nathan suddenly asked, —

"Papa, do frogs ever play leap-frog?"

"Well," said he, "I suppose that their leaping is rather serious business for them."

"Why do you call it leap-frog?" asked Phippy.

"Oh, it makes us look a little like frogs, when we go springing over each other's backs."

"I wonder who first thought of it," said wise little Nathan, looking straight before him.

"There! papa can't answer that," said Phippy.

"Let me see," said he.

"Oh, make up as you go along, papa," said Lucy, who dearly loved to see her father tell stories, as she said.

"Well, puss, if you 'll help me, I 'll see if I can tell how leap-frog came about. To begin at the beginning, a frog can remember when he was not a frog, but only a tadpole. You have all seen those little fellows wriggling through the water, trying to get away from their tails. By and by their tails disappear and they become

THE FROGS PLAYING THEIR NATIONAL GAME.

frogs. What is it, Lucy?" for she was pulling his head down, so as to whisper in his ear. "That 's a good idea, Lucy. Yes, they leap for joy, when they have stopped being tadpoles. But the fact is, I asked an old frog once about it; he was a grave-looking old fellow, with big eyes and a white throat. He threw his head back and looked at me seriously, and said that they had a custom which they had kept as far back as the memory of frog could leap. When a number of tadpoles came of age, that is, became real frogs, the older ones make a circle in a good marshy place by a pond, and the oldest one makes a little speech to the new frogs. Each one has been leaping as high as he could, and seeing which could leap the highest, when the oldest frog reminds them of the one proverb which frogs have. Let me see, what was the proverb, Lucy?" Lucy shut her eyes very hard and tried to think. Then she drew his head down.

"'Look before you leap,' Lucy says. That was pretty near, but as I heard it, it was, 'Be leapt over if you would leap over.' Every frog has to learn to stoop for his neighbor, if he would rise in the world himself; he must help others if he would be helped himself; so all the new frogs form a line reaching down to the pond. They all stoop except the hindmost one, and he begins to leap over the one in front, then over the rest, and so on until he has leaped over the one nearest the edge of the pond, and over him he goes into the water, and after him come the others all in turn, and then they are regular frogs."

"But how did men find it out?" asked Mrs. Bodley, who had joined them.

"Oh, some boys once saw it and imitated it, thinking the frogs were in fun, but really you know it was very serious business for them."

"I wonder," said she, "if the little frogs and the big one would not like some tea on the veranda after all their jumping?" They all exclaimed in delight, for it was only once in a while the mother would set the tea-table out on the little veranda. There it was now, with blackberries and cream, the blackberries from the pasture, and the cream from the cow that Nathan tumbled off, and the children kept up a great chattering all tea-time, while Neptune lay just outside, until he was sent off down the avenue to get the evening newspaper. It was the last day of vacation. School was to begin on the morrow, so this was a kind of special treat for the children.

"Papa! I wish you would shave this evening," said Nathan. "I shall be so busy in the morning." Mr. Bodley laid down his paper and laughed.

"Don't you like to hear ballads except when I am shaving?" he asked.

"I did n't know as you could tell them at any other time," said Nathan, meekly. You must know that while Nathan was lame, he had a habit of going into his father's dressing-room in the morning, and sitting on a little stool while his father dressed and shaved, and as Mr. Bodley knew a good many ballads by heart, he used to repeat them to Nathan, flourishing his razor sometimes in a delightfully fierce way, as if it were a sword. Nathan had never heard his father repeat a ballad at any other time, though he had tried to tell them again to Phippy and Lucy, who now begged their father to tell them a ballad.

"I 'll get your razor," said Nathan, jumping up. "I know where you keep it."

"No, no," said Mr. Bodley. "I 'll tell you a ballad, and my cane will answer just as well." So off Nathan ran for his father's cane, which was to be used if he became very much excited.

"What shall it be, Thanny?" he asked.

"Oh, please tell 'The Hunting of the Cheviot,' papa."

"Very well, I 'll tell that, and if any of you children don't understand a word now and then, never mind, just keep on listening, and you 'll get the story." So he laid aside his newspaper and went back to the old days of England, when there was no such thing as a newspaper, and people sang ballads instead of reading the news.

THE HUNTING OF THE CHEVIOT.

I.

The Percy out of Northumberland
And a vow to God made he,
That he would hunt in the mountains
Of Cheviot within days three,
In the maugre of doughty Douglas
And all that ever with him be.

The fattest harts in all Cheviot
He said he would kill and carry them away;
"By my faith," said the doughty Douglas again,
"I will let that hunting if I may."

Then the Percy out of Bamborough came
With him a mighty meany
With fifteen hundred archers bold of blood and bone,
They were chosen out of shires three.

This began on a Monday at morn
In Cheviot the hills so high;
The child may rue that is unborn
It was the more pity.

The drivers thorough the woodès went,
For to raise the deer;
Bowmen bickered upon the bent
With their broad arrows clear.

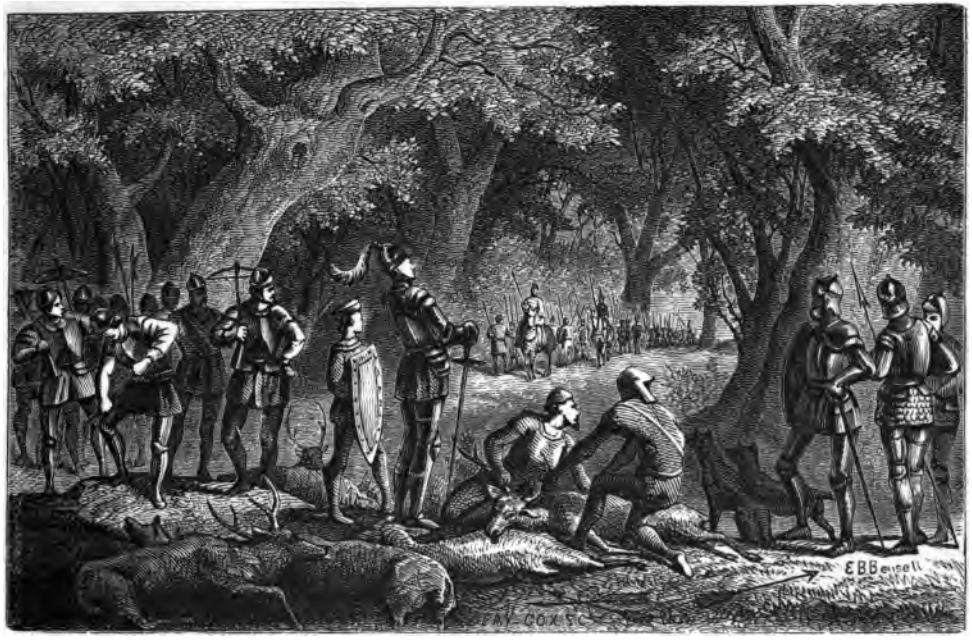
Then the wild thorough the woodes went
On every side sheer,
Greyhounds thorough the greves glent
For to kill their deer.

They began in Cheviot the hills above,
Early on Monanday;
By that it drew to the hour of noon,
A hundred fat harts dead there lay.

They blew a **mort** upon the bent,
They 'sembled on sides sheer;
To the quarry then the Percy went
To the brittling of the deer.

He said: "It was the Douglas's promise
This day to meet me here.
But I wist he would fail, verament," —
A great oath the Percy sware.

At the last a squire of Northumberland
Looked at his hand full nigh;



He was ware of the doughty Douglas coming,
With him a mighty meany.

Both with spear, bill and brand:
It was a mighty sight to see;
Hardier men, both of heart nor hand,
Were not in Christianity.

They were twenty hundred spearmen good,
Withouten any fail;
They were born along by the water of Tweed,
I' the bounds of Tivydale.

"Leave off the brittling the deer," he said,
"To your bows look ye take good heed;
For never since ye were on your mothers born
Had ye never so mickle need."

The doughty Douglas on a steed
He rode at his men beforne;
His armor glittered as a glede;
A bolder bairn was never born.

"Tell me who ye are," he says,
"Or whose men that ye be.
Who gave you leave to hunt in this Cheviot Chase,
In the spite of me?"

The first man that ever him an answer made,
It was the good Lord Percy;
"We will not tell thee whose men we are," he says,
"Nor whose men that we be;
But we will hunt here in this chase
In the spite of thine and of thee.

"The fattest harts in all Cheviot
We have killed and cast to carry them away:"

"By my troth," said the doughty Douglas again,
"Therefore the one of us shall die this day."

Then said the doughty Douglas
Unto the Lord Percy:
"To kill all these guiltless men,
Alas, it were great pity.

"But Percy, thou art a lord of land,
I am an earl called within my country,
Let all our men upon a party stand
And do the battle of thee and of me."

"Now a curse on his crown," said the Lord Percy,
"Whoever thereto says nay;
By my troth, doughty Douglas," he says,
"Thou shalt never see that day.

"Neither in England, Scotland nor France
Nor for no man of a woman born,
But, an fortune be my chance,
I dare meet him, one man for one."

Then bespake a squire of Northumberland,
Richard Witherington was his name;
"It shall never be told in South England," he says,
"To King Henry the Fourth for shame.

"I wot ye bin great lordes two
I am a poor squire of land;
I will never see my captain fight on a field,
And stand myself and look on,
But while I may my weapon wield
I will not fail both heart and hand."

That day, that day, that dreadful day!
The first fytte here I find,
And you will hear any more o' the Hunting o' the Cheviot,
Yet is there more behind.

II.

The Englishmen had their bows ybent
Their hearts were good enow;
The first of arrows that they shot off,
Seven score spear men they slew.

Yet bides the Earl Douglas upon the bent,
A captain good enow,
And that was seen, verament
For he wrought them both woo and woe.

The Douglas parted his host in three,
Like a chief chieftain of pride,
With sure spears of mighty tree,
They came in on every side;

Through our English archery
Gave many a wound full wide;
Many a doughty they gar'd to die
Which gainèd them no pride.

The Englishmen let their bows be
And pulled out brands that were bright;
It wàs a heavy sight to see
Bright swords on basnets light.

Thorough rich mail and maniple
Many stern they stroke down straight;
Many a freke that was full free
There under foot did light.

At last the Douglas and the Percy met,
Like to captains of might and of main;
They swapt together till they both sweat,
With swords that were of fine Milan.

These worthy frekes for to fight,
Thereto they were full fain,
Till the blood out of their basnets sprent,
As ever did hail or rain.

"Hold thee, Percy," said the Douglas,
"And i' faith I shall thee bring,
Where thou shalt have an earl's wages
Of Jamie our Scottish king.

"Thou shalt have thy ransom free,
I hight thee here this thing,
For the manfullest man yet art thou
That ever I conquered in field-fighting."

"Nay," said the Lord Percy,
"I told it thee beforne
That I would never yielded be
To no man of a woman born."

With that there came an arrow hastily
Forth of a mighty wane;
It hath stricken the Earl Douglas
In at the breast bane.

Thorough liver and lungs baith
The sharp arrow is gone
That never after in all his live days
He spake no words but one:

That was, "Fight ye, my merry men, while ye may,
For my life days be gone."

The Percy leanèd on his brand
And saw the Douglas die.
He took the dead man by the hand
And said, "Woe is me for thee!

"To have saved thy life, I would have parted with
My lands for years three,
For a better man of heart nor of hand
Was not in all the north country."

Of all that saw a Scottish knight
Was called Sir Hugh Montgomery;
He saw the Douglas to the death was dight,
He spended a spear, a trusty tree:

He rode upon a courser
Thorough a hundred archery;
He never stinted, nor never blane,
Till he came to the good Lord Percy.

He set upon the Lord Percy
A dint that was full sore;
With a sure spear of a mighty tree
Clean through the body he the Percy bore,

At t' other side that a man might see
A large cloth-yard and mair;
Two better captains were not in Christianity,
Than that day slain were there.

An archer of Northumberland
Saw slain was the Lord Percy;
He bare a bend-bow in his hand
Was made of trusty tree.

An arrow that a cloth-yard was long
To the hard steel haled he;
A dint that was both sad and sore
He set on Sir Hugh Montgomery.

The dint it was both sad and sore
That he on Montgomery set;
The swan feathers that his arrow bore
With his heart blood they were wet.

There was never a freke one foot would flee
But still in stour did stand,
Hewing on each other, while they might dree
With many a baleful brand.

This battle began in Cheviot
An hour before the noon,
And when even-song bell was rung
The battle was not half done.

They took on either hand
By the light of the moon;
Many had no strength for to stand
In Cheviot the hills abooñ.

Of fifteen hundred archers of England
Went away but fifty and three;
Of twenty hundred spearmen of Scotland
But even five and fiftie.

But all were slain Cheviot within;
They had no strength to stand on high;
The child may rue that is unborn
It was the more pitie.

There was slain with the Lord Percy,
Sir John of Agerstone,
Sir Roger, the hynd Hartley,
Sir William, the bold Heron.

Sir George, the worthy Lovel,
A knight of great renown,
Sir Ralph, the rich Rugby,
With dints were beaten down.

For Witherington my heart was wo
That ever he slain should be;
For when both his legs were hewn in two,
Yet he kneeled and fought on his knee.

There was slain with the doughty Douglas,
Sir Hugh Montgomery;
Sir Davy Liddall, that worthy was,
His sister's son was he.

Sir Charles o' Murray in that place
That never a foot would flee;
Sir Hugh Maxwell, a lord he was,
With the Douglas did he dee.

So on the morrow they made them biers
Of birch and hazel so gray;
Many widows with weeping tears
Came to fetch their mates away.

Tivydale may carp of care
Northumberland may make great moan,
For two such captains as slain were there,
On the March-party shall never be none.

Word has come to Edinborough
To Jamie the Scottish king,
That doughty Douglas, lieutenant of the Marches
He lay slain Cheviot within.

His handes did he weal and wring,
He said, "Alas! and wo is me!
Such an other captain Scotland within,"
He said, "i' faith should never be."

Word is come to lovely London
To the fourth Harry our king,
That Lord Percy, lieutenant of the Marches,
He lay slain, Cheviot within.

"God have mercy on his soul," said King Harry,
"Good Lord if thy will it be!
I have a hundred captains in England," he said,
"As good as ever was he.
But Percy, as I brook my life,
Thy death well quit shall be."

As cur noble king made his avow,
Like a noble prince of renown,
For the death of the Lord Percy
He did the battle of Homildown;

Where six and thirty Scottish knights
On a day were beaten down;
Glendale glittered on their armor bright,
Over castle, tower and town.

This was the Hunting of the Cheviot
That tear began this spurn:
Old men that know the ground weel enow
Call it the battle of Otterbourn.

At Otterbourn began this spurn
Upon a Monanday;
There was the doughty Douglas slain,
The Percy never went away.

There was never a time on the March parties
Since the Douglas and Percy met,

But it was marvel, and the red blood ran not
As the rain does in the street.

And now may Heaven amend us all
And to the bliss us bring.
Thus was the Hunting of the Cheviot.
God send us all good ending.

Just as the ballad was ended Nep set up a prodigious howl. Nobody could discover what it was for, but they all agreed that he must have listened to the story and so given vent to his feelings.

"It was a great battle," said Nathan, sagely.

"The English got the best of it," said Phippy.

"Yes," said her father, "the ballad was written I suppose by an Englishman, but he was a generous man for all that, as Lord Percy was generous. He could n't help letting the English get the better of the Scotch, but he made the Scotch out to be very brave. What do you think, Lucy?"

"'Alas! and wo is me,'" said little Lucy, whereupon they all laughed merrily, for they knew Lucy did not like dreadful stories, but this happened so long ago that she could listen without feeling very badly.

CHAPTER XIII.

NATHAN'S PIG.

THE roses on the pig-pen fence had all dropped their leaves, but the pig behind grew more rosy and fat as the autumn came on. Nathan never forgot to feed him now: on the contrary, he seemed always to be feeding him. As soon as he was up in the morning,

he was bound for the pig-sty, hurrying along with the pig's breakfast, as if the poor animal had been living all night on half rations; and as soon as school was over, Nathan was again on hand with corn husks, and apples, and pea-pods, or whatever other dainty he could find. He would stuff them into the trough, and then stand, with his hands behind his back, and watch the pig with a serious air, and wonder and wonder how many pounds he would weigh, and how soon he would be fat enough to kill, and how many cents a pound he should get, and what he should do with the money.

The pig was Nathan's own. He had bought him with his own money. Martin had brought him home from Camton market, and after being duly invited into roomy quarters, which the last occupant had left, never to re-enter, at least not in his old shape, Nathan watched his career through the summer with increasing interest, as the days grew shorter, and the pig's chin grew longer.

The pig's extra fare was apples, — good, wormy apples; worms in apples are spice to a pig, and with these he was kept well supplied by his little master. Moreover, Nathan had the pleasure of making the apples turn an honest penny on their way to the pig. Some trees in the orchard shed a good many apples that were not ripe, and were, moreover, a sourish, hard apple; these fell on the ground, and were regarded by the worms and ants as food sent down from the sky for their special benefit. So they went hard to work, thousands of them, and had a busy time harvesting. But one day, Mr. Bodley, walking through the orchard with Nathan, saw the apples spread over the ground, and said, — "Nathan, I don't like to see these apples here. Now, I will give you five cents a bushel for all you will gather."

"But what shall I do with the apples?"

"Oh, give them to the pig."

"Why, so I can," said Nathan; and in five minutes he was there with a wheelbarrow, and Phippy and Lucy were helping him load, though indeed the little girls were so particular as to what apples they touched, that I don't think they helped very much; and not even the one cent a bushel which Nathan promised each, could make them work very hard at picking up small, worm-eaten apples.

At first Nathan used to tip the apples into the pig-pen, and let the pig nose them over, and find the wormiest; but a good many were wasted in that way; and one day, as he stood watching the pig, after having carted three wheelbarrowfuls, a sudden thought struck him.

"Hi!" said he; and snatching up the wheelbarrow, he raced off to the house, where his mother was churning.

"Mother!" he cried. "Mother! I've got a splendid idea about the pig."

"Dear me! it seems to me you have enough ideas about the pig already. What is it? Do you want a looking-glass, so that he can enjoy himself as much as you enjoy him?"

"Now, mother! A looking-glass! why, he'd break it all to smash. No. I'll tell you what. I'll boil them. I'll make a bonfire, and take the big kettle and boil them, and make the pig some apple-sauce. May I?"

"Oh, the apples."

"Oh, no. I'll tell you. I'll take the boiler where you boil the clothes. No I won't, either. I'll make a bonfire. That'll be better."

At this moment Phippy and Lucy came by, and Nathan told them eagerly what his plan was.

"But I'm afraid it won't do for you," he said, looking solemn. "You'll catch fire. I saw something in the newspaper the other day about it."

"Oh, pooh!" said Phippy. "I shan't catch fire. I'll take a long stick and poke it. Oh, it'll be splendid! just like the gypsies. We'll have a couple of fork sticks, — you know how, — and a piece across, and a pot-hook, and we'll take our dolls and play they are babies we've stolen; and we'll tell fortunes" —

"Well, well," said Mrs. Bodley, "but I don't know about letting you" —

"O mother!" cried the three in chorus.

"What is Martin doing?"

"He is out in the barn, chopping hay."

"Well, ask him to come here a minute."

When Martin came, Mrs. Bodley asked him if he would help the children make the fire, and see that they got into no mischief; and that very afternoon, a cool September day, the children gathered some brushwood and leaves, and Martin helped them make a gypsy camp.

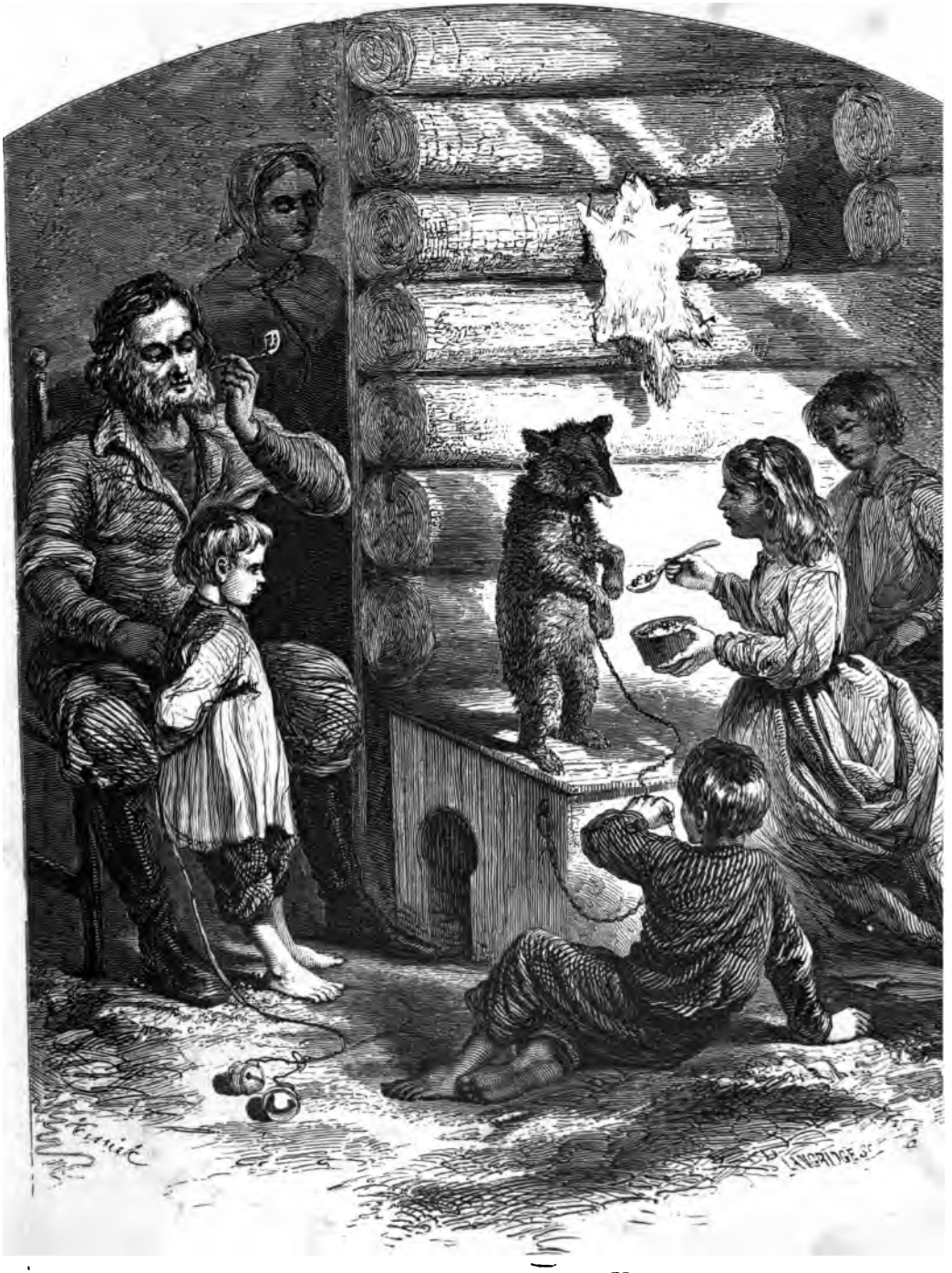
"I tell you this makes me think of the time I used to have when I was a boy," said Martin, as they tumbled the apples into the great kettle.

"Did you boil apples for your bear?" asked Nathan, who had a long stick and was stirring the apples.

"You mean the bear Hen trapped?"

"Yes," said Nathan," the little one."

"No, I don't know as we ever boiled any apples for him. We used to give him blueberries and milk. He was mighty fond of berries. We taught him to dance by giving him berries."



A DANCE FOR A SUP[illegible]

"Did you really?" asked Phippy. "Were they hot?"

"Hot? no; what made you ask?"

"Oh, I thought that was what made him dance." Martin chuckled.

"You 're a queer one, Phippy. No, we used to give him berries to pay him for dancing, and he knew just as well what they were for as anything. If he danced, he 'd have berries; see? We used to get round after supper and put him on his kennel, and then Hen, he would twitch the chain and whistle to him, and Sis, she 'd hold out the spoon with berries, and then he 'd dance."

"What became of him?" asked Phippy.

"Oh, he broke his chain one night and ran off into the woods. I guess he liked that better."

The children stewed a famous mess of apples and whatever other fruit they could lay hold of, and stirred it and stirred it, till they were hot as mustard, and then marched off to give it to the pig, piping hot as it was, though they had to save a good deal, and give it cool another time; but it was put into the trough, and the pig ate it and grunted over it, as if he were complaining because he had to eat his apple-sauce without bread and butter, or roast goose.

Now, one day, as September came to an end, Nathan and the other children were very much surprised at seeing their father walk up the avenue as early as one o'clock. He never used to come before half-past five, for he was in business in the city, and could not come away earlier. They ran up to him joyfully, but he said so little, and looked so grave, that they were a little frightened, and held back; but when he had gone into the house, they forgot it, and went back to their play. Before long, however, their mother came to the door and called them in. They remembered then how their

father looked, and seeing their mother also looking quiet, they hardly knew what to say or do, but followed shyly into the parlor, where Mr. Bodley was walking uneasily up and down.

Nathan, being the oldest, and intending, of course, to be a man before long, spoke up very solemnly, — "Papa, is Uncle Daniel dead?" — Uncle Daniel being daily expected, though never having been seen by the children. To his surprise, Mr. Bodley stopped and laughed, and then checked himself, sat down on the sofa by his wife, and called the children to him.

"No, Thanny," said he, "though I don't wonder you asked me. I will tell you a little what the trouble is, though you can't understand it all. It is very hard for merchants to get along now, and I have lost a great deal of money, so much, that I have been obliged to stop business for a time, and I am afraid we may have to leave our beautiful home."

The children were too much surprised to cry. Leave Roseland! why, how could they? they had n't been there a year.

"So you must be careful," said Mrs. Bodley, "and not tear your clothes. Now run out again and play."

"Sarah!" said Mr. Bodley, when they were gone, bursting into a laugh, "what could you mean? The poor children won't see any connection between my suspension and their clothes."

"Yes, they will. They will think about it; and if they don't understand, they will ask me. What you want of them is, not that they should cry very much, or expect to take your clerks' places, but to show their affection in their own way, and learn that even their little helps."

The children went out, looking very serious, and with their eyes considerably larger than when they came in.

"Nathan!" said Phippy, "it 's awful. You don't know, but I read about it in a story the other day. Father 'll have to go to jail, and stay till he 's paid every cent, and mother 'll go there to see him, and take us, and we 're so small, that the jailer will feel bad, and let him out. We 'll carry him bread and cake."

"He does n't like cake: he never eats it," sobbed Lucy, who had been keeping in before.

"Never mind, Lucy," said Phippy, giving up her notion at once. "I don't much believe he 'll have to go. I know he won't, because this happened ever so long ago, in another country. They don't do so in America. I know what I 'm going to do. Come Lucy. I 've got a secret; let 's go into the orchard."

"Let me hear, too," said Nathan.

"No, it 's a girl's secret."

"Well, I 've got a secret, too. I 've been thinking about something."

"Will you tell me yours, if I 'll tell you mine?" asked Phippy, who loved other people's secrets even more than she did her own.

"I 'm going to pick up apples," said Nathan.

"Hoh!" said Philippa, "a great secret, that!" but Nathan had already started for his wheelbarrow. Two little heads in sugar-scoop bonnets were soon nodding wisely to each other, as Phippy and Lucy walked off toward the orchard.

— "And I 'll make lamplighters," were Lucy's last words, as they got out of hearing. "I can make them beautiful."

Nathan trundling his wheelbarrow to the familiar field, moved rather slowly. His busy head was fuller than usual, but he worked with his hands even harder, and looked round with disappointment, as he saw at last that there were no more apples to pick up. He

watched the pig crunch the cold, hard apples, for he did not boil these, and then he walked into the house with his hands behind him, thinking, and counting on his fingers.

September closed, and October went by, and it was drawing toward Thanksgiving time. The pumpkins were ripening for pies,

and one night Nathan came home with an exciting story of how he had seen what he called a Which in the field, and how he ran away, and the Which chased him, and then it turned out to be a boy he knew with another boy, and they had cut a Jack-o'-lantern out of

a pumpkin; so nothing must do but Martin must make a Jack-o'-lantern for Nathan, also, and he had a fine time with it, chasing Nep, who barked furiously. Lucy knew what it was, but she could not help being a little frightened herself. Mr. Bodley had not yet been obliged to leave Roseland. They had talked it over, and looked at smaller houses near by; but as he owned the place, and could not easily find any one to let it to, he determined at length that he could live there more economically than if he were to move. Still he spent as little money as possible, and the children sometimes had to give up what they had been counting on.

"If Nathan were older, I think I should try to do without Martin," said Mr. Bodley.

"Try me," said Nathan, eagerly; but his father only pulled his ear, and laughed. The day came at length when the pig was to be killed. He had been stuffed so long, and had grown so fat, that he was the wonder of the neighborhood, and every one was guessing how much the Bodleys' pig would weigh. Nathan strutted about very grandly, whenever the pig was talked of, and yet every once in a while he would look uneasy, and become very sober. He fed him most assiduously the last two or three days of his life, and was once caught carrying out stealthily his own tumbler of milk, for he had overhead some one saying that there was nothing so fattening to a pig as good, fresh milk.

"I don't know but you and the pig will change places some day, Nathan," said his mother, just like Picture Bob and his Wonderful Cob."

"What was that?"

"Did you never hear? Did I never tell you the story of Picture Bob and his Wonderful Cob?"

"Why, no," said Nathan, as his mother looked surprised.

"Then I must tell it to you right away," said she. "Put down your tumbler and listen to my serious story." And all the children sat very still as their mother told the story of

PICTURE BOB AND HIS WONDERFUL COB.

Suppose you have
A picture book,
Turning its pages o'er,
And at this page
Some pictures find,
You never found before.

Suppose it tells you
Of a boy;
Suppose his name was Bob;
Suppose he ate
An ear of corn,
As big as Picture Cob.

S'pose, then, that Bob
Had said to Cob,
"Come, stand up, if you can,
And wear my little
Hat and coat,
And be a soldier-man."

S'pose, then, that Cob
Had said to Bob,
"*You* be an ear of corn,
And I will wear
Your hat and coat,
And toot your little horn."

Suppose that Cob
Began to march,
And loud the horn to blow;
Suppose that Bob
Went fast asleep,
And ear of corn to grow.

Suppose that Cobby
Grew so fine,
And Bobby grew so fast,

That Cobby thought,
"He ate me first,
I'll eat him up, at last."

And so, suppose
He made a charge,
As if a field of corn —
Each leaf become
A two-edged sword,
Each ear, a battle-horn —

And, fierce and fast,
Went at poor Bob,
Intent to pierce him through;
Suppose that Bobby
Knew all this,
But knew not what to do.

And now suppose
That, all at once,
From out of Bobby's head

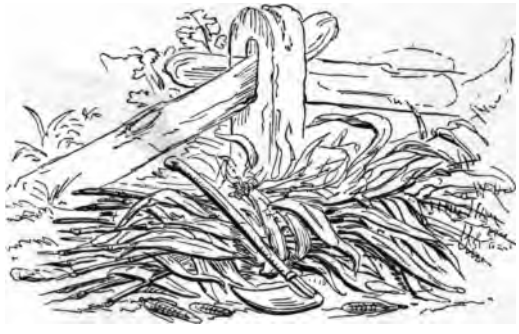
Our flag of Stripes,
Our flag of Stars,
Had sprung right up, and said:

"Take care, take care,
You little scamp!
You 're nothing but a cob,

With soldier-clothes
And tooting horn;
Touch not my soldier Bob!"

Then what if Cob,
And what if Bob,
And what if Flag, and all,
Had had a grand
Engagement there,
The country to appall.

And you, suppose
You hasten on,
The dreadful end to see,
And find yourself
A little Cob,
To think such things could be!



"Well," said Nathan, "I've often dreamed about my pig, but I never dreamed I was pig, and pig was I."

When the day came for the pig to be killed, Nathan was in a tumult of excitement. The pig was to be killed on the premises, and not sent to the butcher's. The hot water was all ready in tubs,

and Nathan was constantly trying it, to see if he could bear his hand in it. He would not see the final act, though he heard the distant wail, but after a while got up courage to go out to the barn and see the bristles taken off, and all the rest of the long performance. Philippa peeked round the corner once, and immediately ran away, and Lucy would not stir out of the house.

"It 's awful, Lucy," was Phippy's report. "He 's stretched out stiff, as if he was gasping. Don't you go near him."

"Well, Nathan," said his father, in the evening, "so the pig 's killed. How much does he weigh?"

"He weighs three hundred and thirty-seven pounds, sir," said Nathan proudly. "Martin says he 's the biggest pig round."

"How big round?" asked Mr. Bodley, laughing; but Nathan said he had not measured."

"Let me see: how much is pork a pound?"

"I don't know," said Nathan, hastily, and he jumped down from his father's knee, and ran out of the room. He opened the door again, and put his head in.

"Twenty-one cents, sir," he said; and off he went, not to come back till tea time.

It was Thanksgiving Day shortly after this, but for once there was no one at the Bodleys' except their own family. Just before dinner, Nathan slipped into the dining-room very cautiously, and was out again in a moment, and then he began tumbling about the room where the rest were, playing with Nep, the dog, and making a great deal of noise, every once in a while eying his father in a half frightened manner. They went in to dinner. Nathan went last, and then rushed past them all, sat down in his chair, and began eating his bread and drinking water so fast, that Mrs. Bodley discovered him.

"Why, Nathan!" said she. "What a very hungry little boy. I think you can wait till the blessing is asked."

There was silence while Mr. Bodley, who was thinking just then of how even his losses in business had not been without their blessing, gave thanks to God for all His benefits, and for this yearly festival. Then he began to carve the turkey.

"Hullo, what 's this?" said he, as he lifted the plate before him, and discovered an envelope. At this moment, Nathan, who had been very red in the face, burst into tears, and cried, — "The pig! the pig!" and rushed hotly out of the room. Mr. Bodley opened the envelope. It had a letter in it; and as he read it aloud, he had to — yes, he had to blow his nose once or twice, and clear his voice. This was what he read: —

"DEAR FATHER, — The pig is yours. You said you would buy him of me, but you suspended, and I want you to have the pig. I am a little boy, and I can't do much. I wish you would let me be man instead of Martin. The pig weighs 337 pounds. I hope you won't have to leave Roseland.

"Your affectionate son,

"NATHAN BODLEY."

"Where is Nathan?" asked Mr. Bodley. "Call him, Phippy."

"He 's behind the door, he won't come in. He 's crying like everything," said the little messenger.

Mr. Bodley got up from the table, and with his wife went out to Nathan, who had done crying now, and began to laugh when his father kissed him, and passed his hand through his hair, and brought him back into the dining-room. It was a merry dinner that they had then, and a happy family that they were in the evening, as

they sat round the fire, playing games and telling stories. I dare say the father and mother had many thanks to give that night when they went to bed — thanks that God was teaching their little boy so early, that it is more blessed to give than to receive.

CHAPTER XIV.

CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS.

FROM Thanksgiving to Christmas is not a great distance, but it is very apt to be full of pleasant doings. We eat our Thanksgiving dinner and step out plump and comfortable, ready for the cold and the frolic, and the merry times that lie before us in the dark month of December. To the Bodley children it was a new thing to be out of town in the winter time. They were not so far from the city but they sometimes went in to see their friends, or to go to the shops and entertainments, but after all they liked best their sport out of doors on their own place. There they could frolic to their heart's content. They all had their sleds, and one night even, their father took them all to May's pond after supper and let them slide on the ice a little while, and watch the skaters by moonlight. Martin was there with his hockey-stick, and once he gathered all the ropes of the children's sleds into his hand, and away he spun down the pond, dragging them after him.

But the best fun they had once when there had been an unusual thaw, with a freezing time afterward which left a hard, icy crust upon the snow. Martin took the body of an old sleigh, which was coming to pieces, removed the shafts and the side-pieces, and so made a gi-

gantic sled, upon which they had famous times coasting down the slope of the Hollow. It almost took their breath away, as Martin steered the great sled and brought it with a sweep alongside the fence by the pasture. Their mother used to coast with them, but Mr. Bodley had gone off on a journey. As Christmas drew near the children began to be very much afraid that he would not be back in

[illegible]

time to enjoy it with them, and even Mrs. Bodley became a little worried, for she was daily expecting him. Snow had been falling without intermission for three days, and the roads all about Roseland were blocked with snow. Ox-teams drove along by the side to open a passage for [illegible], and as the sun gradually came out of the clouds, the glistening snow, and the jingling sleigh-bells

made the children wild with delight. They had with them Cousin Ned, who was making them a visit, and he was a strong young fellow, so that they had grand fun upon their sleds. Skating was over for the present, for the pond was covered with snow; but they wore a coast into the Hollow, and as there were no lessons and no school, the children were coasting pretty much all the time.

It was the day before Christmas, and still Mr. Bodley had not come. The newspapers were full of the great storm, and how it had blocked the railroads, and made it impossible for people to get about. Mrs. Bodley read some of the accounts aloud, and the children grew very much excited.

"I suppose papa is buried in a snow-drift," said Phippy. "If Nep was only near he would go out with a bottle round his neck and find him."

"Will he have to live on roots and berries, mama?" asked Lucy, looking serious.

"Berry pie is n't bad," said Cousin Ned. "Berry pie and snow-sauce," and he smacked his lips. "I wish I was with Uncle Charles, eating berry pie and snow-sauce."

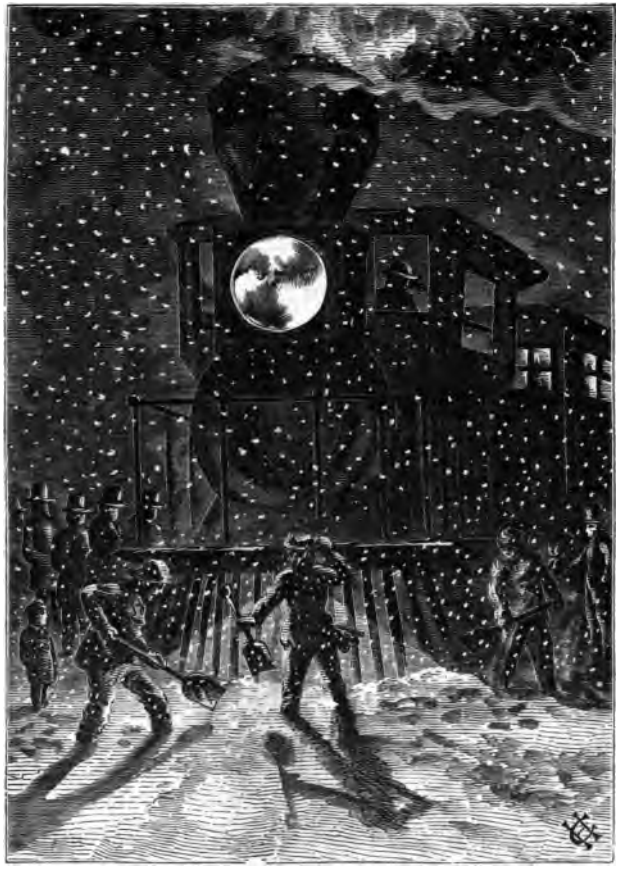
"Well, any way, he 'll keep warm," said Nathan, "because there 's the engine, — that 's very hot."

"Yes," said Cousin Ned, "and only think what good hot shaving water he will have."

"I just wish he was here now," said Nathan, "shaving, and telling me a ballad." Scarcely had Nathan said this, before there was a ring at the door. The children rushed out into the entry, just in time to see their father come in, with his bag and ever so many bundles, just as if he had only come from town. Then there was a hurrah and a scrambling, and Mr. Bodley staggered up-stairs to

dress, with one little girl on each shoulder, and Nathan about his neck. Mrs. Bodley and Cousin Ned took the opportunity to smuggle the mysterious parcels out of the way.

When Mr. Bodley came down-stairs, tea was ready, and he had to tell all his adventures, and why he was so long coming home. He had been delayed by the storm, because the trains could not get through, and in one case the engine on his own train had broken down.



Tired out.

"I waited a good while," he said, "after the train stopped, before I got out to see what was the matter. It was snowing hard, and men with shovels had been shoveling the snow away from about the wheels. I could see a man with a lantern poking about under the engine, and hear the ringing of a hammer upon the iron. The engine had met with some accident, which made it impossible for it to drag the train, and there we waited all night,

until men could make their way to the next town and bring back a new locomotive. We found wood near by and kept the fires burning in the stoves, but we were very hungry. There was no house near by, but finally somebody discovered a keg of oysters in the baggage car, and somehow or other those oysters got cooked, and we had some oyster stews in tumblers and cups, and anything we could lay hold of."

The children lay down that night very happy that their father had come home safely, and very full of expectation of the morrow. They were awake by day-break Christmas morning. Lucy and Phippy slept side by side, in two little beds, and Phippy was the first to wake.

"Lucy," said she, pulling her sister's arm, "Merry Christmas! hush, don't you speak. Let 's look in our stockings. I suppose papa came home too late to get anything. I feel something square and hard. I guess it 's a book."

"I can't see what this is," said Lucy, who was busy on her side. "There 's candy, I know, but here 's something else; it feels like a book, but not exactly. I think it must be a drawing-book."

"Phippy! Lucy! a Merry Christmas!" came in a loud whisper, and Nathan came running across the floor in his night-gown. "See! a pair of skates!" and he had darted off again.

"I say!"

"Who was that, Phippy," asked Lucy.

"I say!" The voice came in a tremendous whisper. Then Cousin Ned popped his head in at the door. "Merry Christmas!" said he, and was off again. Phippy and Lucy jumped up and ran into their father and mother's room. They found them fast asleep.

"Don't let 's disturb them," said Phippy in a very loud whisper.

"No, I would n't," said Lucy. "I 'd just kiss them, and wish them

Merry Christmas." But, as in the story of the Sleeping Princess, no sooner had the kisses been given, ever so lightly, than the little rogues were held fast, and there was no more sleep for any one in the house after that.

The presents were all carried down-stairs and spread on the breakfast table, and Cousin Ned asked Nathan if he would give him a slice of broiled skates, and Lucy came every little while to Cousin Ned and sat by him and held his hand, for she had found out what was in her stocking, and that he had put it there. It was a little story, which he had written all himself for his little cousin, and had made a red border round each page, and put a cover on the book, and tied it with blue ribbons, so that it was almost like a real book, Lucy said, but prettier.

Phippy's book was a book of ballads, and in it she found the Hunting of the Cheviot, and a good many others of which she had never heard. As soon as breakfast was over she had sat right down in her little chair and begun to read one of them, and while she is reading it, we will just peep over her shoulder and read with her.

THE BALLAD OF THE HEIR OF LINNE.

I.

Lithe and listen, gentlemen,
To sing a song I will began;
It is of a lord of fair Scotland,
Which was the unthrifty heir of Linne.

His father was a right good lord,
His mother a lady of high degree;
But they, alas! were dead him frae,
And he loved keeping companie.

To spend the day with merry cheer,
To drink and revel every night,
To card and dice from eve to morn,
It was, I ween, his heart's delight.

To ride, to run, to rant, to roar,
To always spend and never spare;
I wot, an' it were the king himself
Of gold and fee he mote be bare.

So fares the unthrifty Lord of Linne
Till all his gold is gone and spent;
And he maun sell his lands so broad,
His house, and lands, and all his rent.

His father had a keen stewàrd,
And John o' the Scales was callèd he;
But John is become a gentel-man,
And John has got both gold and fee.

Says, "Welcome, welcome, Lord of Linne,
Let nought disturb thy merry cheer;
If thou wilt sell thy lands so broad,
Good store of gold I 'll give thee here."

"My gold is gone, my money is spent;
My land now take it unto thee:
Give me thy gold, good John o' the Scales,
And thine for aye my land shall be."

Then John he did him to record draw,
And John he cast him a gods-pennie;[1]
But for every pound that John agreed,
The land, I wis, was well worth three.

[1] *Gods pennie*, earnest money, *i. e.* part of the price paid in advance to bind the contract.

He told him the gold upon the board,
He was right glad his land to win;
"The gold is thine, the land is mine,
And now I 'll be the Lord of Linne."

Thus he hath sold his land so broad,
Both hill and holt, and moor and fen,
All but a poor and lonesome lodge,
That stood far off in a lonely glen.

For so he to his father hight:[1]
"My son, when I am gone," said he,
"Then thou wilt spend thy land so broad,
And thou wilt spend thy gold so free.

[1] *Hight*, promised.

"But swear me now upon the rood,[1]
That lonesome lodge thou 'lt never spend;
For when all the world doth frown on thee,
Thou there shalt find a faithful friend."

The heir of Linne is full of gold:
"And come with me, my friends," said he,
"Let 's drink, and rant, and merry make,
And he that spares, ne'er mote he thee."[2]

They ranted, drank, and merry made,
Till all his gold it waxèd thin;
And then his friends they slunk away;
They left the unthrifty heir of Linne.

He had never a penny left in his purse,
Never a penny left but three,
And one was brass, another was lead,
And another it was white monèy.

'Now well-a-day," said the heir of Linne,
"Now well-a-day, and woe is me,
For when I was the Lord of Linne,
I never wanted gold nor fee.

"But many a trusty friend have I,
And why should I feel dole or care?
I 'll borrow of them all by turns,
So need I not be never bare."

But one, I wis, was not at home;
Another had paid his gold away;
Another called him thriftless loon,
And bade him sharply wend his way.

[1] *Rood*, cross. [2] *Thee*, thrive.

"Now well-a-day," said the heir of Linne,
"Now well-a-day and woe is me;
For when I had my lands so broad,
On me they lived right merrilee.

"To beg my bread from door to door,
I wis, it were a brenning[1] shame;
To rob and steal it were a sin;
To work, my limbs I cannot frame.

"Now I'll away to the lonesome lodge,
For there my father bade me wend:
When all the world should frown on me,
I there should find a trusty friend."

II.

Away then hied the heir of Linne,
O'er hill and holt, and moor and fen,
Until he came to the lonesome lodge
That stood so low in a lonely glen.

He lookèd up, he looked down,
In hope some comfort for to win;
But bare and lothly were the walls:
"Here's sorry cheer," quo' the heir of Linne.

The little window, dim and dark,
Was hung with ivy, brere, and yew;
No shimmering sun here ever shone,
No halesome breeze here ever blew.

No chair, ne table, he mote spy,
No cheerful hearth, ne welcome bed;

[1] *Brenning*, burning.

Nought save a rope with renning noose,
That dangling hung up o'er his head.

And over it in broad lètters,
These words were written so plain to see:
"Ah! graceless wretch, hast spent thine all,
And brought thyself to penurie?

"All this my boding mind misgave,
I therefore left this trusty friend;
Let it now shield thy foul disgrace,
And all thy shame and sorrows end."

Sorely shent[1] wi' this rebuke,
Sorely shent was the heir of Linne;

[1] *Shent*, shamed.

His heart, I wis, was near to-brast
With guilt and sorrow, shame and sin.

Never a word spake the heir of Linne,
Never a word spake he but three;
"This is a trusty friend indeed,
And is right welcome unto me."

Then round his neck the cord he drew,
And sprang aloft with his bodie,
When lo! the ceiling burst in twain,
And to the ground came tumbling he.

Astonyed lay the heir of Linne,
Ne knew if he were live or dead;
At length he looked, and saw a bill,
And in it a key of gold so red.

He took the bill, and lookt it on,
Strait good comfort found he there:
It told him of a hole in the wall,
In which there stood three chests in-fere.[1]

Two were full of the beaten gold,
The third was full of white monèy;
And over them in broad lettèrs
These words were written so plain to see:

"Once more, my son, I set thee clear;
Amend thy life and follies past;
For but thou amend thee of thy life,
That rope must be thy end at last."

[1] *In-fere*, together.

"And let it be," said the heir of Linne,
"And let it be, but if I amend:
For here I will make mine avow,
This reade[1] shall guide me to the end."

Away then went with a merry cheer,
Away then went the heir of Linne;
I wis, he neither ceased ne blanne,[2]
Till John o' the Scales' house he did win.

And when he came to John o' the Scales,
Up at the speer then lookèd he;
There sat three lords upon a row,
Were drinking of the wine so free.

And John himself sat at the board-head,
Because now Lord of Linne was he;
"I pray thee," he said, "good John o' the Scales,
One forty pence for to lend me."

"Away, away, thou thriftless loon;
Away, away, this may not be;
For a curse on my head," he said,
"If ever I trust thee one pennie."

Then bespake the heir of Linne,
To John o' the Scales' wife then spake he:
"Madame, some alms on me bestow,
I pray for sweet Saint Charitie."

"Away, away, thou thriftless loon;
I swear thou gettest no alms of me;
For if we should hang any losel here,
The first we would begin with thee."

[1] *Reade*, advice. [2] *Blanne*, stopped.

Then bespake a good fellow,
Which sat at John o' the Scales his board;
Said, "Turn again, thou heir of Linne;
Some time thou wast a well good lord.

"Some time a good fellow thou hast been,
And sparedst not thy gold and fee;
Therefore I'll lend thee forty pence,
And other forty if need be.

"And ever I pray thee, John o' the Scales,
To let him sit in thy companie;
For well I wot thou hadst his land,
And a good bargain it was to thee."

Up then spake him John o' the Scales,
All wood[1] he answered him again:
"Now a curse on my head," he said,
"But I did lose by that bargain.

"And here I proffer thee, heir of Linne,
Before these lords so fair and free,
Thou shalt have it back again better cheap
By a hundred marks than I had it of thee.

"I draw you to record, lords," he said;
With that he cast him a gods-pennie:
"Now by my fay," said the heir of Linne,
"And here, good John, is thy monèy."

And he pulled forth three bags of gold,
And laid them down upon the board;
All woe begone was John o' the Scales,
So shent he could say never a word.

He told him forth the good red gold,
He told it forth with mickle din;
"The gold is thine, the land is mine,
And now I'm again the Lord of Linne."

Says, "Have thou here, thou good fellow,
Forty pence thou didst lend me:
Now I am again the Lord of Linne,
And forty pounds I will give thee.

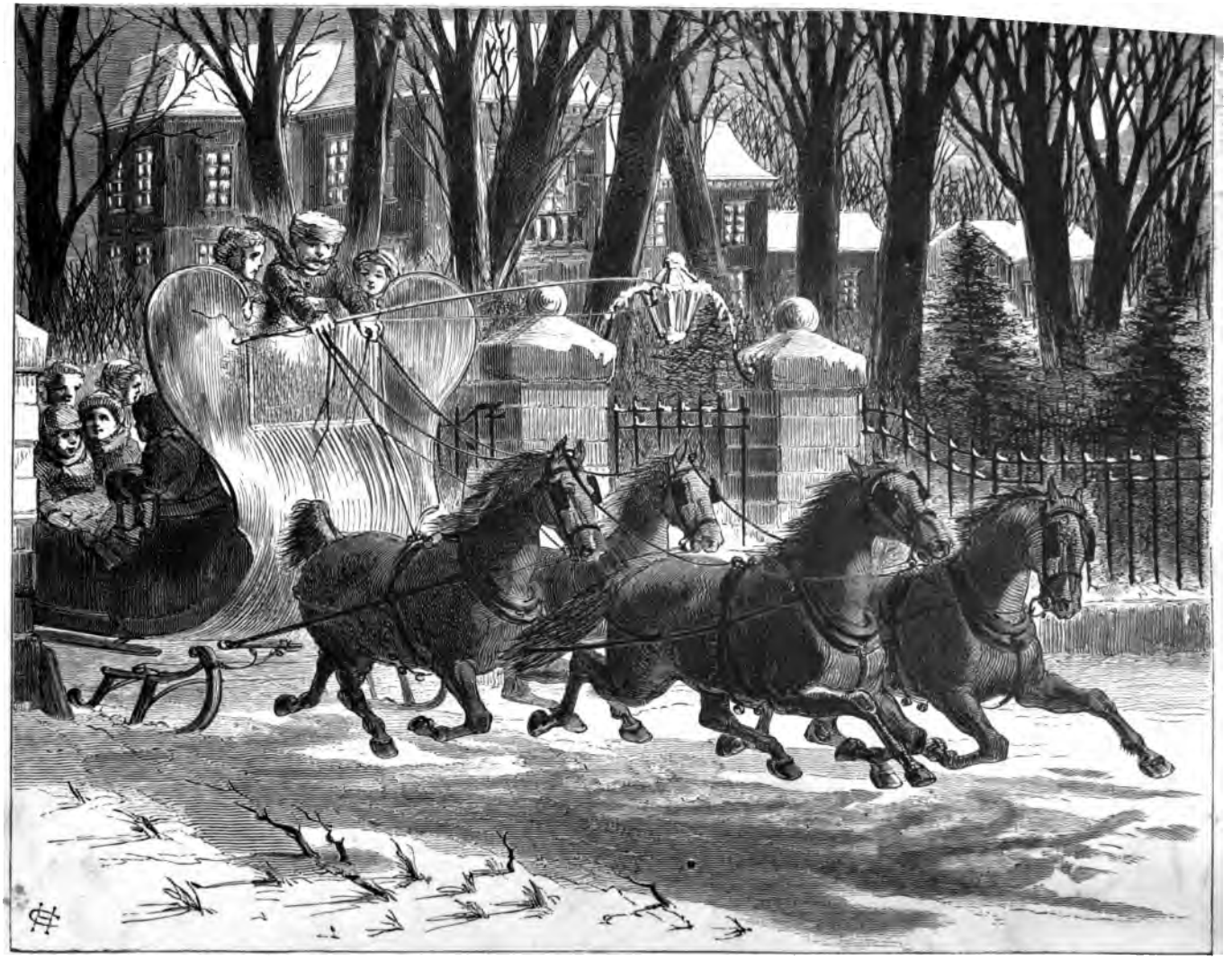
"I'll make thee keeper of my forest,
Both of the wild deer and the tame;
For but I reward thy bounteous heart,
I wis, good fellow, I were to blame."

[1] *Wood*, frantic.

"Now well-a-day!" saith Joan o' the Scales;
"Now well-a-day, and woe is my life!
Yesterday I was Lady of Linne,
Now I'm but John o' the Scales his wife."

"Now fare thee well," said the heir of Linne,
"Farewell now, John o' the Scales," said he:
"A curse light on me, if ever again
I bring my lands in jeopardy."

The time has come when I must say good-by to Mr. and Mrs. Bodley, and Nathan, and Phippy, and Lucy, and Martin, and Cousin Ned, and Nep, and Mr. Bottom, and the Jersey cow, and the hens and chickens. The pig has already had an affectionate farewell. It would not be hard to tell of the little things that happened to this happy family, year after year, but there are so many books to be read that it would hardly do to keep people busy reading always about the Bodley Family. You may be sure that they were happy, for they had a home where each thought of the others, and was not all the while thinking of himself. The children learned that of their father and mother, and their father and mother learned it of God. I do not like to go away from them. Let us rather pretend that we are staying in the house, and they have said good-by to us, and have gone off in a great sleigh, covered up with buffalo robes, while Martin, well wrapped in furs which were his Christmas present, stands in the front of the sleigh and drives four horses. Off they go, and we who want to linger behind, can take up the little book that Cousin Ned gave to Lucy Bodley, and read the story he wrote for her — the story of TWO CHRISTMAS GIFTS.



THE BODLEY FAMILY DRIVING OUT OF THE STORY.

CHAPTER XV.

TWO CHRISTMAS GIFTS.

HERE is a little point of land on Cape Cod that ventures timidly out into the ocean; a bay is partly formed by it, and is sheltered by a breakwater built a mile out from the shore. The breakwater protects Scupper's Point a little also, but the sea, when it has a mind to, knocks up against the rough edge of the Point, though its more usual way has been these many years to come up silently, night and day, and with its watery tongue lick off a mouthful of sand and turf. Nobody misses the one mouthful; but by and by, when old people come back to the Point, they look about in vain for certain landmarks.

"Why, where is the little wharf gone?"

"Oh, that was washed away long ago! See, those stones out yonder are where the piers were."

"Here is the spot where the old house stood, from which gran'-

ther moved away. I know the place by the hollow that marks the cellar. How the bank has crumbled away back of it."

Yes, the sea is never satisfied. Every day, every twelve hours, it washes up, wave by wave, to the old shore; and while the people are busy, or away, it steals a bit, and flows back. It would make no difference were people to watch their rough possession; still the sea would make its way to the shore.

In the little bay one might usually see some few vessels at anchor; very likely a coasting schooner, creeping along, and glad of a snug shelter behind the breakwater; or one of Captain Gage's sloops that did a tight little business between the Point and New York; or a fleet of little smacks, that in the summer would skip out after mackerel and blue-fish, and be back before one knew they were gone. But the liveliest scenes were when the fishing-vessels that had been off to the Banks returned with their catch, and one after another dropped into the bay; while the fishermen went ashore and made their way to the general rallying place, — D. Scupper's store.

D. Scupper's store was a square, thick-set building, near the end of a road, which, after coming all the way over from Hyannis, and taking pains to go round an immense boulder that refused to get out of the way, found itself stopped dead by a bank that stumbled off into the water, and so, being disinclined to go back to Hyannis, sauntered about the Point a little, and made itself convenient for a few houses and sheds.

In the store could be found nearly everything that was worth having, — from coffee-mills, and raisins, and Daboll's Arithmetic, to saucepans, and reels for yarn, and calico. There was a trap-door that led to some spicy depths below, and a shuffling staircase in the corner that led to some crockery heights above, while the broad

counter in the middle of the room barricaded great bins of sugar and rice; and a whole post-office of little drawers at the side of the room held a minute assortment of apothecary stuffs, carpet-tacks, and spices.

But it was not so much to revel in all the luxury of D. Scupper's store that the fishermen and neighbors gathered there, — but to see D. Scupper himself; and we have come to Scupper's Point, and to D. Scupper's store for this very purpose also. You could not help seeing him. In the middle of the store, close by the old-fashioned balance-scales, stood a stout, broad-seated chair, wide enough to hold two common people without squeezing them. But it was only just wide enough to allow Mr. Scupper to settle himself comfortably in it: indeed, one arm was partially gone: broken away, we believe, because the chair was too snug a fit. In this chair sat the old man, with his immense form, his white hair starting up from his head, his broad face, with its firm mouth, and merry twinkle to the eye, and his busy, restless hands, always working away at the arms of the chair, or rubbing down his obstinate hair, or pulling down his waistcoat, or working at his buckles, or tugging at his tobacco-box, from which he took little morsels, no larger than a pin's head; the wonder was that such a very large man could manage such a very small chew.

Justice of the Peace, Esquire, and Commissioner of something or other all the time, the real office which he held was that of General Counselor for all the neighborhood. He settled the quarrels that arose, and administered an even justice, merely by the weight of his character and sound sense; and no fisherman came home from a voyage without bring his books to 'Squire Scupper to "settle the voyage" for him. Indeed, it would have been hard for any captain to satisfy his crew, unless the 'Squire had said it was all right.

But, dear me! what have we to do with all this, when our very small story has only to do with D. Scupper, and D. Scupper's little grandson, Elisha. All of the captains and the fishermen of the Cape may disappear, if they will leave us alone for a little while with these two, on Christmas Eve, toddling across from the store to the old house down the road, as night was shutting in; old Mr. Scupper toddling heavily over the frosty ground, and little Elisha (a very, very fat little boy) toddling beside, muffled in a comforter that his grandfather had wound round and round him, as if he had been the cork inside of a yarn ball.

Out of the folds of this comfortable muffler little Elisha was holding his head in a painfully upright way, and, not taking heed to his feet, was knocking every few steps against his grandfather, who began to notice his vagrant ways. He twitched a bit of the comforter.

"Hoy, there, 'Lishy; walk straight, my man. Why, what are you star-gazing for?"

"I see one! I see one!" exclaimed the little fellow. "Gran'ther, I see a star, and I 'm going to say it right off: —

"Starlight! Star bright!
First star I see to-night,
I wish I may, I wish I might,
Have the wish I wish to-night."

And having said it once, Elisha said it a second time, and then a third.

"There, Gran'ther, I 've said it three times; now you say it. But you must look at the star first."

So Gran'ther Scupper, after looking in every direction but the right one, found Elisha's star, and delivered himself, with considera-

ble help from his grandson, of the magical four lines, three times repeated; and so they came to the house, and pushed through the doorway, to be greeted by Aunt Polly.

If Mr. Scupper was much too large, his sister Polly was too thin for this world. She was so thin that there was not enough weight to keep her down when she was sitting; and so she was continually popping up and flying away with wings made of towels and dusters, as it were. Perhaps it was much cooking that had reduced her, for certainly there seemed no hour in the day when she might not be seen stirring something over the fire, or marching about with a skillet in her hand; and the sizzling which always came mysteriously from where she was, seemed to indicate that she was so absorbed in cooking that when nothing else was to be had she cooked herself, for, as she went hither and thither, she kept up this sizzling sound between her teeth, and Elisha, when somewhat smaller, used to watch her and the flapjacks alternately, to see which would be done first.

Flapjacks! there they were to-night on the table, — for a little while only; and when they were gone, and Aunt Polly was whisking about, scouring the dishes, and putting everything away as snugly as if a great gale were expected, and all must be lashed down, Gran'ther settled into another of his great chairs, and Elisha, sighing with a sigh of comfort over the last round flapjack that could be taken into his little round stomach, tumbled into his chair, and looked like a miniature picture of the big grandfather at his side.

"Now Gran'ther," said he, looking very solemn, "I 've got just a great wish, — Oh, a great wish," and he wagged his solemn head, "but I 'm not going to tell you, for then it won't come true. Now you must have a wish. My wish is going to happen to-night."

"Hoy, hoy! why so 's mine," said Gran'ther. "But mine 's a little wish, so it can't be yours."

"Does it begin with a *D*?" asked Elisha, timidly.

"Well, — yes; but then it is a little *d*."

"Oh," sighed Elisha, "suppose it 's the same as mine."

"I wish you was abed," said Aunt Polly, who had been in and out, and was nearly through with all she could think of to do. "You 're too fat to sit there before the fire. Hop up, 'Lishy, it 's 'most eight o'clock."

"I believe I will tell you, Aunt Polly," said he; "and then Gran'ther can tell you his, and you can see if they 're the same." But Aunt Polly had skipped off after a light for the little boy, and he thought better of his resolution, for he was afraid they were the same.

"Gran'ther," said he, as he bade him good-night, "it 's all fair to tell you as much as this: if my wish comes true, it 'll be a Christmas present for you."

"I declare!" said the old gentleman. "Now, who 'd have thought it? that 's just the way with my wish; if it comes true, it 'll be a Christmas present for you, 'Lishy."

"Oh goody!" and the little fellow rubbed his knees, as his grandfather did when he was pleased. "They ain't the same. They can't be!" and off he went to bed.

The only time when Mr. Scupper was still all over was in the evening, when he had lighted his pipe, and sat reflectively by the fireside, or in summer in the porch. Perhaps it was that Aunt Polly's restlessness carried off all his own activity. At any rate, there he sat, with his hands on his knees, smoking, and staring at the fire, until his pipe was out; and Aunt Polly, for want of some-

thing else to do, busied herself with going to bed; when he also went to his chamber, put on his great yellow nightcap, and tucked himself up in his bed, that groaned for a moment under him, and then was still.

And now came to pass a strange thing: for while the stars were winking at one another in the cold sky, and the one particular star which Elisha and his grandfather had first seen was shining steadily, as if nothing were about to happen, inside the old house a curious change was taking place. Lend us thy light, O star bright, that we may look in upon the sleepers. Into this room, where we saw little Elisha go, we will look first. But this is not little Elisha! What has become of the little fellow? here lies a young man, who looks as if he might have been Elisha once. Ha! see his face. He is dreaming strange dreams surely, for it begins to have lines marked in it that were not there before; we can read those lines: this one means disappointment, that one means hardship; here is Care writing itself deep in the face; there is Bitterness grooving the corners of the mouth; Anxiety is turning the brown hair to gray; surely the closed eyes see Misery, for a heaviness drags down the lids. And now wrinkles begin to creep over the forehead and temples, and along the cheeks; they are like the rings of the oak-tree; they tell of the years of storm that have swept over it. The head has become silvered, the face marked with lines and crosses. Surely this is not our little Elisha; it must be old Mr. Scupper who has crept in here. Let us seek his room and see.

Oddest of sights there! for in the great bed, peeping out from the yellow nightcap, we see a face that is half Elisha's and half the old gentleman's. What has disappeared? What has come? The deep furrows of Gran'ther Scupper's face have gone, and there is a ruddy

glow of youth taking their place; the smooth skin, the straight mouth, the even eyes, — these have no care or trouble back of them; and yet, and yet, we miss something. What is it? We want old Gran'ther back again. Ah, now his mouth is turning up at the corners, his head puts on a shock of brown hair, and surely a child is before us, happy, unconscious of care and trouble. All the wisdom has gone from Gran'ther's face, all the serene light, and the quick, determined air.

Give us back again our little Elisha. We want old Gran'ther Scupper once more!

The stars grow fainter, and the star bright no longer lights the rooms in the old house for us. There is a rustling. Aunt Polly is astir, flying about the house, getting it in order, as if she had been asleep since last Christmas, and there had been no one to look after the premises. Then there is a patter of feet down the staircase from the garret. Good! here comes Elisha in his night-gown, the self-same little round fellow that climbed up-stairs last night. He is making for Gran'ther's room. Dear, dear! if he should see what we saw. He peeps in at the door, and we look through the crack by the hinge. There is the old gentleman slowly opening one eye.

"Merry Christmas! merry Christmas, Gran'ther!" shouts Elisha, and tumbles into the room, and climbs up the great bedstead, while Gran'ther lends a sleepy hand, and helps hoist him on board.

"Hoy, hoy there, youngster, waking your sleepy old Gran'ther up. What d' ye mean, sir?" and the old gentleman gave him a shake and a squeeze, which made Elisha bounce up and down on the blanket.

"Oh, Gran'ther!" said he, when he could catch his breath, "I had an awful dream, — an awful one. I thought I was as old, oh, as old — as — as Aunt Polly."

"Say as old as your granddaddy, you little rogue. Well, did n't you like it? you 're always saying, 'When I 'm as old as Gran'-ther.' "

"Oh, no," said Elisha, rolling his little head. "I never, never wish I may be as old again. Why, Gran'ther, 'seems to me I was just as tired, and everything was so dreadful. People kept a-dying, and everybody was cross, and I was cold and hungry; why, I was out in a great storm at sea, and I thought every moment we were going on the rocks. Gran'ther!" he added, suddenly, as he caught sight of the old gentleman's face, "I verily believe you did it. Did you wish for me to be an old man? Say, did you?"

"Well, yes, 'Lishy," said he, smoothing his face with his hand, "I did for fun — wish that last night."

"Oh — oh," and Elisha drew a long breath. "Why, I wished for you" —

"That I might be a little boy: and I was."

"Grandpapa Scupper!"

"Yes, and I don't think I liked it much. I seemed to be growing younger all the time, and forgetting everything that has happened lately. Why, I forgot you, my little grandson; and then I forgot your father and mother, and everything else that is precious to me; I seemed to be losing something all the time, and at last I got to be younger than you, and I don't know where I should have stopped, if the light coming in had n't waked me. And then I fell asleep again, when I found I was still a good-for-nothing old man."

"Gran'ther, you 're the bestest old man! Was n't it queer? Why, I thought it would be splendid, if you could dream you were a little boy. You know you are always telling me what you used to do when you were a little boy."

These were the two Christmas gifts that old Mr. Scupper and his grandson gave each other that Christmas; but there were two better ones that remained to each. In little Elisha's heart was Hope, that made the future look very bright, for he knew nothing of the evils that were to come; in Gran'ther Scupper's heart was Recollection, that gathered in a great heap all the happiness of a long life, and laid it before the old man's eyes.

THE END.

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